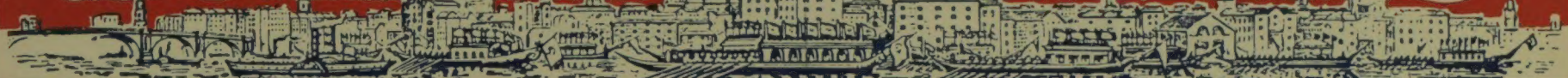


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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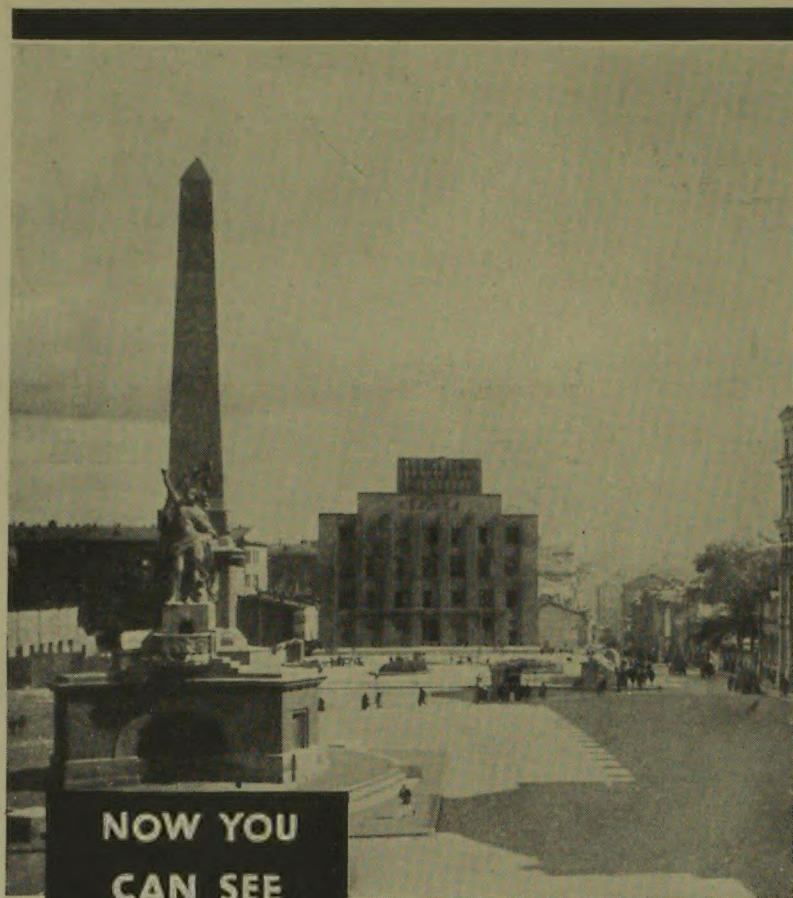
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1932.



POLITICAL PRISONERS RELEASED BY PRESIDENT DE VALERA'S GOVERNMENT ARRIVING AT COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN: THEIR TAXI SURROUNDED BY ENTHUSIASTIC REPUBLICANS, WHO ALSO WELCOMED THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY.

On Wednesday, March 9, Mr. Eamon de Valera, leader of the Fianna Fail Party, the Republicans, was elected President of the Irish Free State Executive Council. On the following day, the Executive Council issued an order for the release of all political prisoners sentenced by the Military Tribunal, and this was obeyed at once. Twenty men were freed immediately—seventeen from Arbour Hill Prison; two from Maryborough Prison; and one from Mountjoy Prison. Demonstrations outside Arbour Hill Prison were organised by the Republican Prisoners' Release Committee, and the Republicans given their liberty were driven away in motor-cars to a formal

reception at a hotel. On the Sunday, four battalions of the Dublin Brigade of the Irish Republican Army, which, under the Cosgrave Government's Public Safety Act, was an illegal organisation, paraded and marched through the streets of Dublin. They also took part in demonstrations at College Green to welcome the released political prisoners who live in Dublin. The soldiers of the Irish Republican Army, in fact, were received even more vociferously than the ex-prisoners, who arrived later in a taxi-cab. Republican songs were sung, and those present bared their heads to join in the Soldiers' Chorus of the Republican Army.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

M. PAUL CLAUDEL, the distinguished French poet and diplomatist, wrote recently a play called "The Satin Slipper," which has since been translated with admirable subtlety and flexibility by the Rev. John O'Connor. It is a work of rich and almost bewildering fantasy, and has any number of aspects that could not adequately be treated here. But it has one particular aspect, in which it is related to recent events in other fields, and rather specially calls for a particular comment just now. Though nobody could be more French than M. Claudel, and nothing could be more French than the particular kind of wit and fighting logic that pursues this theme or thesis to its end, yet the whole background of the drama is the background of the Spanish civilisation. Even at this moment the Spanish civilisation is something very much larger than the civilisation of Spain. It was infinitely more so in the days of the external glory of Spain, the days of the alliance with Austria and the conquest of America. About all that culture there was a character which runs through this drama like a decorative pattern, and will be found more and more, I think, to be a pattern for the art of to-day.

Thus, no two poets could possibly be more different in every tradition or test of historical type than Paul Claudel and Vachel Lindsay, the spirited American singer whose sad death was only recently announced in the newspapers of the West. In external and formal attachment, they would seem utterly foreign to each other. Vachel Lindsay was a Puritan in the personal sense; one might almost say, in the political sense. He was even a Prohibitionist, and it is only fair to say that his orgiastic verse does demonstrate how very drunk a man can be without wine when he drinks the American air. Occasionally, even, a critic might be tempted to call it the American hot-air. For though Vachel Lindsay was a natural artist, and went right by the clue of the imagination, there are passages of his finest writing which would have been finer still if he had not lived in the land of the megaphone rather than the ivory horn; or if his traditions had not given him the choice of two trumpets—the brazen trumpet of publicity as well as the golden trumpet of poetry. He was himself a wholly simple, sincere, and therefore humble man; but the people around him did not believe in humility; no, not even when they practised it. But they did believe in go and gusto and the big noise; and to a certain extent Vachel Lindsay even at his best did practise that. I have myself a huge sympathy with his special gift for describing men banging their gongs to the glory of their gods; but it were vain to deny that in some ways their gods were not our gods. Most certainly, anyhow, they were not M. Claudel's gods. M. Claudel is not only a Catholic, but a French Catholic; with the particular French dislike of orgiastic religion and the fads that invade domesticity. I should imagine that there are no two things that M. Claudel would be more completely puzzled to comprehend than (1) a free man being a Prohibitionist, and (2) a fine poet selecting from all human history the subject of "General Booth Enters Heaven."

And yet both poets, the Frenchman and the American, illustrate this third element that is neither American nor French. For truly Vachel Lindsay was something more than an American; he was (wildly as the term would be misunderstood) a Spanish American. He was, spiritually speaking, a Californian. He did not get drunk only on the American air; he drank the air of a strange paradise, which is in some way set apart and unlike anything in the New World or the Old; a fairy sea, calmed as by a spell,

that stretches far away into fantastical China and of which even the nearer coast is ruled by ghosts rather than by its modern rulers. For there is spread all



THE SWEDISH "MATCH KING" AND INTERNATIONAL FINANCIER WHOSE SUICIDE CAUSED WORLD-WIDE REPERCUSSIONS IN THE MONEY MARKET: THE LATE M. IVAR KREUGER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A FRIEND'S GARDEN IN SURREY DURING A RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

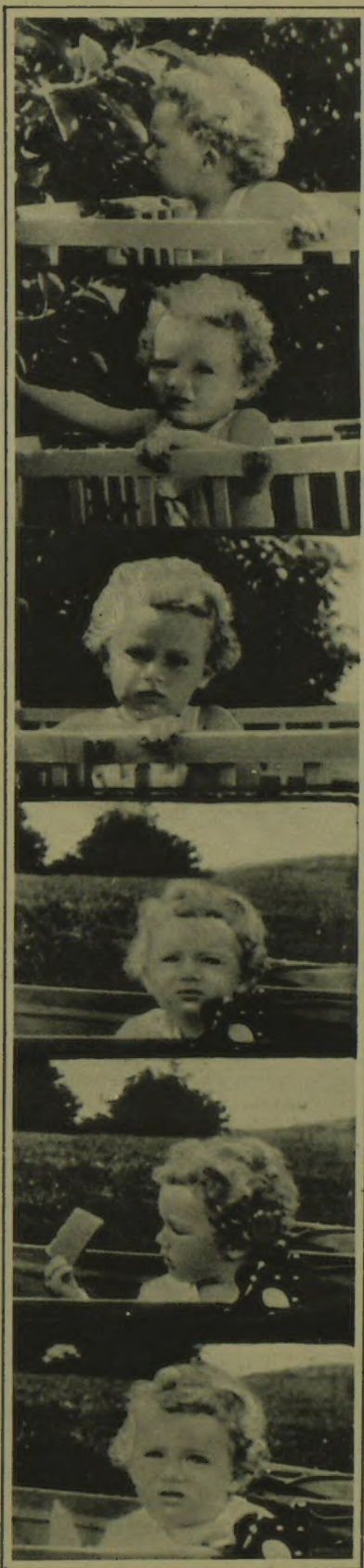
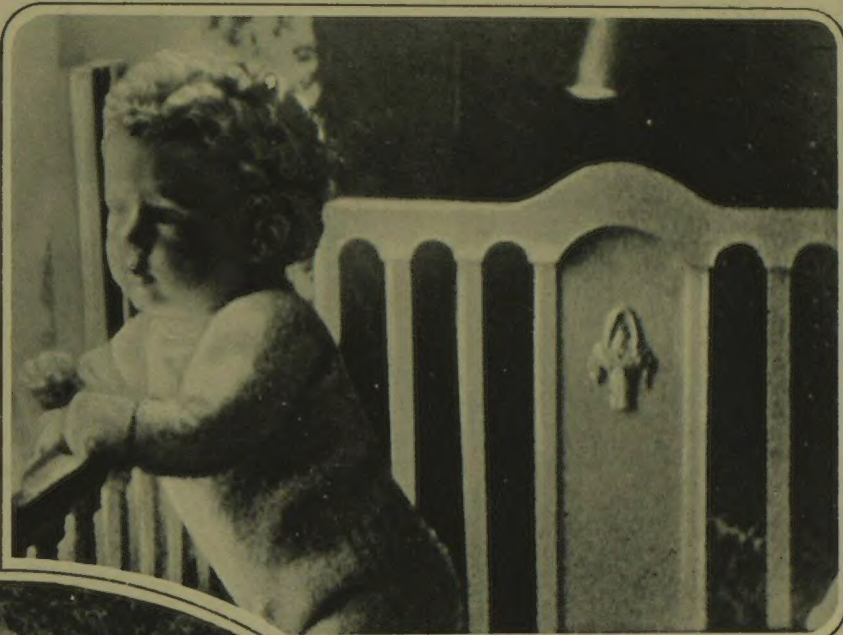
A great sensation was caused in the world of international finance by the news that M. Ivar Kreuger, managing director of the Swedish Match Company, Kreuger and Toll, Ltd., and many other concerns, had shot himself in Paris, on March 12, shortly before he was due at an important business meeting. He had just returned to Europe from a three months' visit to the United States, during the latter part of which he had been ill and seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He was worn out with the strain of conducting a huge international business in face of the difficulties caused by world-wide trade depression. On the news of his death a special meeting of the Swedish Cabinet was held, and the Government plan for a Kreuger moratorium was accepted by both Chambers. It was announced that there was no danger of any bank failing, and that the moratorium would relieve all immediate distress due to non-payment of the Kreuger dividend this year. M. Kreuger, who was fifty-three, was born at Kalmar, in Sweden. He founded the United Swedish Match Company in 1913, and in 1917 it was amalgamated with other companies as The Swedish Match Company. Since the war he had striven to revive world prosperity by the circulation of capital, borrowing large funds in New York and then arranging loans to various European countries, including France, Germany, Poland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Latvia. He took a prominent part in the Young Loan negotiations at the Hague. Personally, he was extremely shy, retiring, and sensitive to criticism.

along that Pacific Coast, in some fashion too vivid for definition, the presence and the pressure and the splendour of Spain. It was something in this rich sunset air that got into the verse of a Puritan like Vachel Lindsay, and made it so much more instinctively ornate and gorgeous than that of a mere Pagan like Walt Whitman. Whitman was a great man; but he was a man of the Eastern States, and of the Northern sun, and therefore his passion was colourless even when it was not cold. The Puritanism of Lindsay was more glowing than the Paganism of Whitman. And the reason was, I think, this unconscious influence which possesses all the West of America, as the old Celtic romance possesses all the West of England. The poetry of Vachel Lindsay proves, in every sort of broken and unconscious fashion, how much he was haunted by this presence; how much he felt under his feet this Spanish subsoil of American States. It was, to quote the words of his own vision, the Wrecks of the Galleons of Spain that towered and swelled above him in a sort of glowing monstrosity, and gave their real symbolic outline to the Golden Whales of California.

In other words, it is worth while to realise that there is spread over great spaces of the earth a sort of Spanish magic. The Spanish settlements are not what is called dead alive places, in the sense of places in which the living are dead; they are places in which the dead are alive. But the dead are alive, even where nobody else is alive. Even the deserted parts of that coast are not a desert; and even the dead parts of that empire cannot die. And it is the vast vitality of that dead empire that attracts a French northerner like M. Claudel, just as it unconsciously attracted an American like Mr. Lindsay. The dramatic narrative of M. Claudel, as I have said, covers a vast field of universal ideas and individual problems. It is full of what is found in the very name of The Golden Whales of California, and it is a whale of a book. But it is also golden, in the sense of being full of things that are truly as good as gold. It even rather excels in the description of things shapeless or of incalculable shape, like such gigantic monsters; indeed, as it happens, there is a typically grotesque description of the actual animals called whales. "Their head, which is like a whole mountain full of liquid sperm, shows in the corner of the jaw a little eye no bigger than a waistcoat-button." There is the same sort of imaginative sense of the shape of something shapeless in this fine phrase about the amorphous Germanies of Central Europe. "To know it you must look at its heart, for it has got no face."

All that dark and yet exuberant imagery belongs to a tradition that can be seen in the art and ornament of Spain. It can be seen in the special Spanish love of black; the black which is not the negation of colour, but rather the accumulation of colour. It can be seen in the rich darkness of Spanish churches, fretted with the golden fire of countless candles. But it can be seen fully and completely only in the world-wide spreading of the Spanish culture in the sixteenth century, when it met on its borders monsters stranger than whales; red men and golden mountains and a new world. It had many crimes, which are not hidden in Claudel's poem, but it had this very enviable greatness that strange stars and new sciences were then opened to a Christian world that was still full of chivalry; of which wicked men colonised for greed, but good men did not colonise only for commerce; when the white man was as romantic a figure as the red man, and trade had not destroyed the Red Indian to replace him by the Regular Guy

THE KIDNAPPED LINDBERGH BABY: A CAUSE OF WORLD-WIDE INDIGNATION.

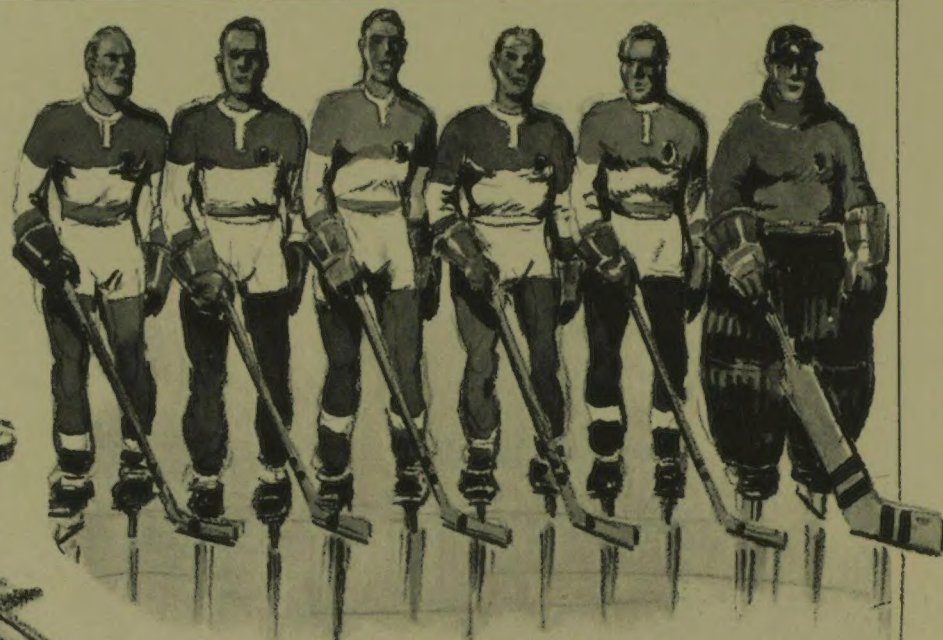


AS all the world is aware, Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh's twenty-months-old son, Charles Augustus, was stolen from his cot by kidnapers, on the night of March 1, at his parents' country home near Hopewell, New Jersey. According to the first accounts, a note was left in the cot demanding a ransom of 50,000 dollars, with threats against the child's life if it were not paid, but later there were conflicting reports as to the truth of this statement. Colonel Lindbergh, who was at home at the time of the child's disappearance, at once communicated with the police, and the utmost efforts were made to track the kidnapers. At the same time Mrs. Lindbergh issued an appeal to them to look after him carefully and pay special attention to his food. It was stated also that Colonel Lindbergh had deposited the amount of ransom demanded, and afterwards that he had enlisted the services of two members of the New York underworld to act as go-betweens. Many persons were arrested on suspicion, but were eventually discharged, and even ships were searched owing to rumours that the baby had been carried away to sea. Not only in the United States, but throughout the world, the crime stirred a wave of indignation, mingled with sympathy for the anxiety of the parents.

THE "LONE FLYER'S" INFANT SON STOLEN FROM HIS HOME: LITTLE CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH IN VARYING MOOD—SEEN IN ONE PHOTOGRAPH WITH HIS SCOTTISH NURSE, BETTY GOW.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GAME: ICE-HOCKEY—NOW POPULAR IN ENGLAND.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL ORDNER.



Presentation of the team.



A foul—charging in the back.



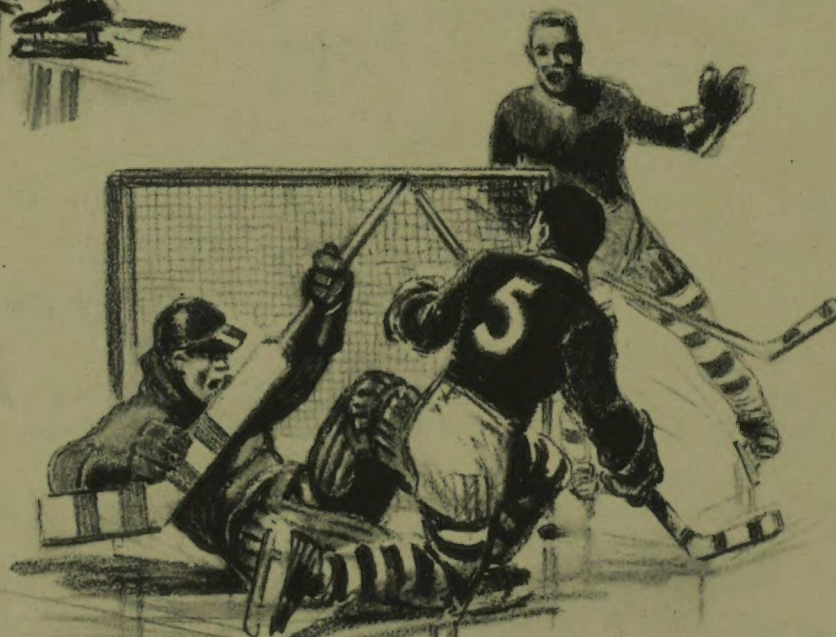
A critical moment—a shot at goal.



The final assault on a well-guarded goal.



A hard shot.



An attack on goal, and the goal-keeper: (on the left) laid low.

SCENES AT AN ICE-HOCKEY MATCH: A TYPICAL TEAM; READY FOR THE FRAY; AND TENSE MOMENTS OF THE GAME.

Ice-hockey, which is unrivalled as a speed game and packed with thrills for the spectators, has of late years been coming rapidly into vogue in this country. The subject is topical just now, since it was arranged that an English team should travel to Germany on March 11 to compete in the European championship matches fixed to begin at Berlin on the 14th. In an article contributed recently to our famous contemporary, "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,"

Mr. Blaine N. Sexton, captain of the London Lions team, gave interesting details regarding the history and progress of the game in England. "Oxford University," he writes, "played Cambridge University their first ice-hockey match as early as 1900. . . . Ice-hockey did not really start coming into its own until 1923-4. Since that time England has sent regularly teams to compete in tournaments at St. Moritz, Davos, Zurich, Vienna, Prague, Milan, Berlin,

[Continued opposite.]

A SPORT IN WHICH EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES LATELY BEGAN.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL ORDNER.



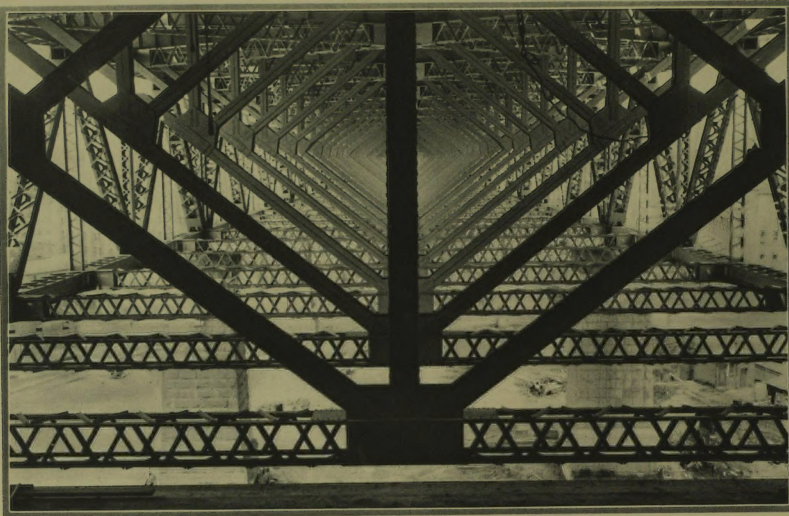
ICE-HOCKEY PLAYERS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT: CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS AND ATTITUDES DURING A MATCH.

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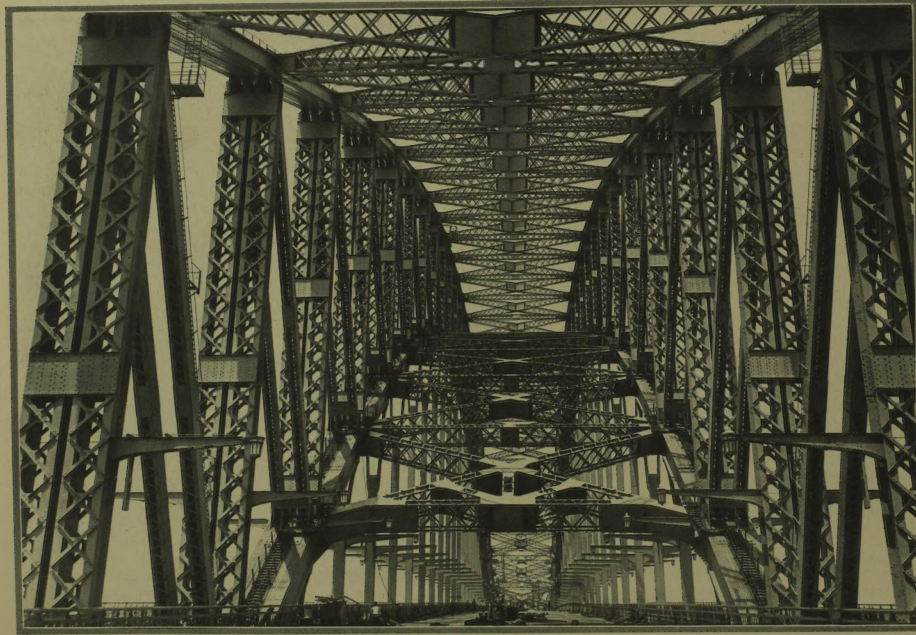
Chamonix, and other centres. . . . Prior to the opening of the Ice Club in Westminster in 1926, England possessed one rink, but since then rinks have sprung up all over the country. I can count at least sixteen, all of which are doing very well, and I understand further ones are being built." The honours of the sport have so far belonged to the Canadians. "Only recently," continues Mr. Sexton, "an Ottawa team paid us a visit. In the first game

at Park Lane Ice Club, they trounced England 7-0. I had dozens of people asking: 'Why such a heavy defeat?' The answer is quite simple. Ice-hockey is Canada's national game. Nature gave her the required facilities at the minimum expense in the form of natural ice all over the country. There are ice-rinks in every village and town throughout the Dominion, and Toronto alone has 400 clubs." The "ball" is a 3-inch rubber quoit called a "puck."

THE MAJESTY AND THE RHYTHM OF STEEL: SYDNEY



THE SYMMETRY OF STEEL GIRDERS, COMBINING TO FORM A DESIGN OF GEOMETRIC PERFECTION: A VIEW FROM BELOW OF STEELWORK SUPPORTING THE SOUTHERN APPROACH OF THE SYDNEY BRIDGE, WHICH REQUIRED IN ALL NEARLY 50,000 TONS OF STEEL, 27,000 TONS OF WHICH ARE IN THE MAIN SPAN.



A LABYRINTH OF STEEL, AND ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING FEATS OF MODERN TIMES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE ROAD LEVEL OF THE MAIN ARCH, WHICH IS MADE OF SILICON STEEL OF 364 TONS TENSILE AND REQUIRED FOR ITS ERECTION TWO SPECIAL CRANES, EACH WEIGHING 568 TONS.

THE Sydney Harbour Bridge, the greatest bridge in the world, is to be formally opened to-day, Saturday, March 19. Mr. Lang, the Prime Minister of New South Wales, is performing the ceremony, and arrangements were made for it to be broadcast to the world. A large company of representatives of the Australian States and of other Dominions are to be present, including the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Philip Game, who is to read a message of congratulation from the King. The Government of New South Wales contracted for the building of the bridge in 1924, and in January of the next year work upon it began. The contract, at an accepted price of over four million pounds, was for the construction of an arch span of 1650 feet and five steel girder approach spans on each side of the harbour, the

(Continued below.)

HARBOUR BRIDGE, TO BE OPENED TO-DAY.



THE SYDNEY BRIDGE BY DAY—SPANNING THE HARBOUR FROM DAWES POINT ON THE SOUTH SIDE TO MILSON POINT ON THE NORTH: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE ROOF GARDEN OF THE PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT, AND SHOWING THAT SHIPS OF GREAT SIZE CAN PASS BENEATH THE STRUCTURE.



THE SYDNEY BRIDGE BY NIGHT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING AN EVENING ON WHICH LIGHTING TESTS WERE BEING MADE AND AFFORDING AN INTERESTING CONTRAST TO THE VIEW ABOVE—THE WHITE STREAKS REPRESENTING THE LIGHTS OF PASSING SHIPS.

(Continued.) Total length being 3770 feet. The deck of the bridge carries four lines of main electric railway, a roadway of 57 feet (wider than the Thames Embankment) which allows six lines of traffic, and two footways each ten feet wide—a total width of 159 feet 6 inches and the heaviest deck ever constructed. Under the middle of the main span the headway for shipping at high water is 172 feet 6 inches, which provides for the passage of ships taller than the Nelson Column. British and Australian steel and Australian labour have been used throughout by Messrs. Dorman Long and Co., Ltd., of Middlesbrough, in carrying out the gigantic work. Sydney Harbour has long been famous as one of the finest natural harbours in the world; from the city that has grown up around it, easily the foremost commercial port of Australia, the colonisation of the State, even of the Commonwealth, to a great extent emanated; and the completion of its new and magnificent bridge is an event of major importance in the history of Australia and of the Empire.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE SHIP.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE 'KÖNIGSBERG' ADVENTURE": By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON.*

(PUBLISHED BY HURST AND BLACKETT.)

THE great "theatres of operations," where vast armies manœuvred cumbrously, and where nations grappled with each other—they may have been war; but the remote corners of the earth and the distant by-ways of ocean, where small forces opposed each other in a contest not only of daring, but of wits—they were the "theatres" which saw the fighting. Romance, in short, has departed from war on the grand scale; and if we are seeking the real thrill and adventure of the World War, we must find it among the "side-shows." Mr. Keble Chatterton has already explored most fruitfully among the numerous side-shows of the Navy in battle, but none of his material has been

and Weymouth, but none of these ships was of shallow enough draught to attempt the river, nor yet to approach close enough to the coast to bring *Königsberg* within range of the guns. The shores at the river-mouth were well defended, and any small boats attempting the entrance were exposed to a murderous fire. The *Königsberg* was trapped, but most tantalisingly inaccessible, and so long as she was intact she remained a menace. The first necessity was to bolt the door which she had locked upon herself. (It was afterwards learned that engine trouble had compelled her to imprison herself in this suicidal refuge.) By a bold and gallantly executed manœuvre, of the Zeebrugge type, a block-ship was sunk across the narrowest part of the river channel. *Königsberg* was now effectively bottled up; but the problem for the future was how her attackers could come within striking distance of her.

A few years later, her fate would have been sealed very promptly by aircraft. But at this date, aircraft were few and comparatively rudimentary on the African Continent. The only two available seaplanes made heroic efforts against every obstacle, but inevitably failed. It was not until nearly the end of February 1915 that two seaplanes, under Flight-Lieut. J. T. Cull, R.N., arrived from England to join the attack. These and others which followed them confronted the aviators

a remarkable standard to the bitter end." It would have been easy—and, a landsman supposes, pardonable—for Captain Loeff to destroy his doomed ship and guns and to join the German land forces in East Africa. But so long as he held out, he kept a number of British ships busily and anxiously engaged, and that negative contribution to the campaign he and his crew never flinched from making throughout their long ordeal.

The solution of an exasperating and almost absurd situation was provided not by the most modern engines of destruction, but by craft which seemed to belong to a bygone age. The Monitors *Mersey* and *Severn*—ungainly, unseaworthy creatures of only 1260 tons displacement, and with a draught of less than five feet—were sent to settle matters; and they made the journey to East Africa by the simple but hazardous expedient of being tugged the whole way. After a month's preparation, the first attack was made by the Monitors on July 6, from the north, in the Kikunja River. The action was indecisive. With the utmost aid that the aircraft could give them, the British ships had to shoot largely by guesswork, and they inflicted no fatal damage on *Königsberg*, in spite of the fact that *Severn* alone fired 635 shells. On the other hand, Captain Loeff's information was extremely accurate and well organised, and his retaliation was formidable. Another attack was necessary, and it was made five days later. This time the exact range was found, and soon after midday *Königsberg* was battered into silence. It was characteristic of her spirit that, with almost the last shell she fired, she brought down the aviators who had guided the shells to her destruction.

The game she had played so long and so courageously was finished; but that was not the end of *Königsberg*. More than three hundred of her crew survived, and were either absorbed by the German land forces or entered upon another minor naval war on Lake Tanganyika. Her guns were salvaged, and played an important part in all the



THE GERMAN COMMERCE-RAIDER "KÖNIGSBERG" IN HIDING AFTER SHE HAD BEEN "BOTTLED UP" IN THE DELTA OF THE RUFIFI RIVER, IN EAST AFRICA: THE CRUISER IN HER FINAL PLACE OF CONCEALMENT, WHERE SHE WAS PUT OUT OF ACTION BY THE FIRE OF THE BRITISH MONITORS "MERSEY" AND "SEVERN" IN JULY 1915.

The German cruiser is seen under a cloud of smoke from the wood fuel which she was compelled to burn. Astern of her are small attendant craft. The British shells that put an end to her career came over the trees to the right.

richer than this tale of *Königsberg's* chequered life and death. The stirring narrative has not previously been told with full precision of detail; and it is evident that Mr. Chatterton has been to the utmost pains to assemble accurate and abundant information, principally from those who were engaged in the ten months of warfare against this lone, indomitable ship. The result is not only a contribution to naval history, but an adventure story of great and sustained vivacity.

In July 1914 Britannia ruled the waves in African waters with three small and antiquated ships. Against them were only two German ships, but one of them, the protected cruiser *Königsberg*, was superior in speed and armament to any of the three units of Rear-Admiral King-Hall's Cape of Good Hope Squadron. Four nights before war was declared, Rear-Admiral King-Hall's flag-ship, *Hyacinth*, passed within 3000 yards of *Königsberg*, but neither ship dared open fire in the uncertainty which then prevailed. *Königsberg* disappeared, to become, like the *Emden*, a menace to British merchant shipping for some six weeks after war broke out. Her movements were extremely well concealed, and, while her pursuers were following one false trail after another, she suddenly reappeared off Zanzibar, and in a few moments destroyed the venerable and helpless *Pegasus*. This was on September 20, and the following day the modern cruiser *Chatham* received urgent orders to come down from the Red Sea and devote herself wholly to avenging *Pegasus* and making trade-routes safe from the raider.

The German plans for naval warfare in this remote zone had been made with the utmost thoroughness. Not only had supply been carefully planned for the *Königsberg*, but all along the coast of German East Africa she was able to rely on a most efficiently organised system of intelligence. Right up to the end of her career, her information seems to have been as accurate as it was mysterious. *Chatham*, however, was no less industrious in collecting information, and her prosecution of clues from one source and another provided a fine exercise in the deductive methods of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. A good deal of cumulative evidence soon pointed to the Rufiji River as *Königsberg's* hiding-place; and, by a singular stroke of luck, an invaluable chart of the delta—a "navigator's nightmare"—was discovered on the captured *Präsident*, one of *Königsberg's* supply ships. (This was one of several ships which flagrantly abused the Red Cross.) At the end of October, *Chatham*, searching the coast off the river-mouth, descried the masts of her quarry half-hidden behind trees far up the river.

The enemy was now located; but she was not yet rendered harmless. *Chatham* was soon joined by *Dartmouth*

with every imaginable mechanical difficulty, but after four months of effort and ingenuity they were made serviceable, and they rendered invaluable assistance in the final and decisive attack, though not without constant peril and several nearly disastrous accidents to the pilots.

This minor campaign seemed to have settled down into the unsatisfactory and somewhat humiliating condition of an indefinite blockade. It is impossible to withhold the fullest measure of admiration from the defiant endurance of the defenders. They were imprisoned with practically no chance of escape; they were greatly outnumbered; they had no prospect of rescue—the forlorn hope of sending a relief ship from Germany had been attempted, with great hardihood, and had failed. The surrounding conditions of *Königsberg's* long solitary confinement were of the most severe. The discipline of the ship's crew was "tested by ten months of secluded monotony varied only by sudden onslaughts; and there could be no more determining trial of a crew's will to win than such an experience, up such a dull river, in such a deadly climate. That, amid all this discouragement, uncertainty and isolation from the civilised world, Captain Loeff managed to keep up a wonderful standard of fighting efficiency is a brave lesson for all of

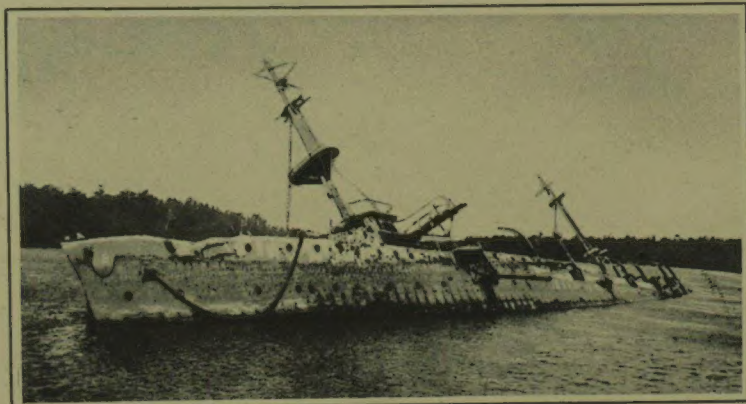


AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "KÖNIGSBERG" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN WRECKED BY FIRE FROM BRITISH MONITORS: THE GERMAN CRUISER WITH HER HULL PARTLY SUBMERGED AND HER CENTRAL FUNNEL GONE; AND THE ROAD ACROSS THE SAND USED BY THE GERMAN SURVIVORS, SHARPLY DEFINED.

major engagements of the East African campaign. Few ships on either side showed such a defiant indestructibility as this gallant single-handed fighter.

Her adventure was only one of many remarkable exploits in that tropical campaign, and Mr. Chatterton's epilogue is crowded with incidents more striking in enterprise, endurance, and resourcefulness than those of the great European battlefields. "Naval supremacy" on the African lakes was doubtless a toy warfare at the best, but it certainly did not lack its excitements. "Epic," as Mr. Chatterton rightly protests, is a debased word, but there is something genuinely epic about the journey of the two fragile motor-boats, *Mimi* and *Toutou*, through all the ferocious obstacles of the African jungle to their scene of action on Lake Tanganyika. There is something at once noble and comic in their battle—and victory—for the mastery of this huge inland sea; but getting them to the scene of battle was an even greater achievement than battle itself. In country of this kind, human endurance is put to its most searching tests, and constantly in Mr. Chatterton's narrative we are astonished by triumphs over apparently insuperable obstacles. We commend to the reader specially the exploits of Commander Schönfeld, who seems to have been worth a whole Army Corps, and the "risky raids" of Lieutenant Rosenthal, "which for downright courage and cool determination stand out among the best stories of the War." We are left with the strong impression that all future wars—if there should be any after the Disarmament Conference—should be strictly confined to a number of "side-shows," for then to the horrors of war there will at least be added a "sporting" element which is sadly lacking when fighting men become so many ingenious and elaborate automata.

C. K. A.



THE END OF ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING "SIDE-SHOWS" IN THE NAVAL OPERATIONS OF THE GREAT WAR: THE WRECK OF THE "KÖNIGSBERG," AS IT APPEARED NINE YEARS AFTER THE ACTION IN 1915; RESTING ON THE RIVER BED.

us. [Being?] compelled to look out daily, for nearly a year, on to those fever-laden swamps and snake-shaped mangroves, must have been a heart-breaking trial, but the final artillery duel proved that there had been no moral deterioration, and that the German gunnery had maintained

* "The 'Königsberg' Adventure." By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett; 18s. net.)

ANIMAL SCULPTURE OF 2800 B.C.; AND OTHER DISCOVERIES AT UR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA. ARTICLE BY C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, LEADER OF THEIR JOINT EXPEDITION TO MESOPOTAMIA.



SACRED ARCHITECTURE IN THE CITY OF ABRAHAM: THE OUTER COURT OF A TEMPLE ON THE "N.C.F." SITE, SHOWING ALTARS, A NICHE, AND UNDULATIONS IN THE PAVEMENT DUE TO WALLS BELOW.

"DURING January," writes Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, "the work of the Joint Expedition has been in continuation of that done in the previous month, and while half the men have been engaged in the neighbourhood of the Ziggurat tower, tracing its early history and antecedents, the other half have been clearing a fresh area on the borders of the ancient cemetery. Here, in the deeper levels, we have found rich and interesting graves of a period hitherto almost unknown, the period of the Second Dynasty of Ur

[Continued on left below.]



A WONDERFUL PIECE OF SUMERIAN ANIMAL SCULPTURE NEARLY 5000 YEARS OLD: AN ALABASTER FIGURE OF A BULL, DATING FROM THE 1ST DYNASTY AT UR, FOUND IN THE ARCHAIC I. LEVEL OF THE EXCAVATIONS.



A COPPER HEAD OF A BULL: ONE OF FIVE FOUND IN THE CEMETERY AREA AT UR, "ADMIRABLE EXAMPLES OF THAT ANIMAL SCULPTURE IN WHICH THE SUMERIANS EXCELLED." (WITH SCALE MEASURE TO INDICATE ITS SIZE IN CENTIMETRES.)

[Continued.] graves was that of five copper heads of bulls, admirable examples of that animal sculpture in which the Sumerians excelled; they were found buried together under a wall of the Second Dynasty. In the Ziggurat area our principal result has been the excavation of three distinct temples lying one above another and all below the foundations of a fort built by Nebuchadnezzar. The main interest of them is that all belong to, and illustrate, the later Kassite age, from about

1400 to 650 B.C., of which virtually no monuments had hitherto been discovered at Ur and therefore serve to fill up what had been a serious gap in the city's history. At the same time, deeper excavation close to the Ziggurat itself had brought to light terrace walls underlying all those that had previously been found; these are the terraces of ziggurats which occupied the same site as far back as the beginning of the fourth millennium before Christ, and their discovery shows how ancient was the tradition which culminated in the building of the present tower by King Ur-Engur in 2300 B.C." Elsewhere Mr. Woolley has pointed out that the recent discoveries on the site of the Ziggurat have carried its history back for some 700 years: that is, from 2300 to 3000 B.C.



DATING FROM THE PERIOD OF THE 1ST DYNASTY AT UR (ABOUT 3000 B.C.), REGARDED UNTIL RECENT YEARS AS MYTHICAL: SMALL ANIMAL CARVINGS IN ALABASTER.

[Continued.] whose very names have been lost, but who must have reigned about 2800 B.C. In coffins of wicker-work, above or by the side of which there may be a model of a boat fashioned in bitumen, there are copper weapons and vessels which recall those of the predynastic tombs; whereas the gold ornaments, the beads of agate, and other stones, and the forms of the clay vases, anticipate the age of Sargon, King of Akkad, which began soon after the collapse of the nameless kings of Ur. A very important discovery not directly connected with the

[Continued above on right.]



A REMARKABLE STATUE HEAD IN LIMESTONE DISCOVERED ON THE "N.C.F." SITE AT UR-OF-THE-CHALDERS: A FACIAL TYPE KNOWN TO THE ANCIENT SUMERIANS. (WITH CENTIMETRE SCALE TO INDICATE SIZE.)

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. J. HASTINGS TURNER'S "PUNCHINELLO" VIEWED AND REVIEWED.—A LEAP FROM THE CHORUS.—THE GOETHE CENTENARY.

I.

AS a series of pictures "Punchinello" was perfect. Mr. Laurence Irving has surpassed himself. These angles of Italian and Spanish villages, these palatial rooms of architectural nobility and style, were a constant pleasure to the eye—a worthy shrine of a great play. But the play itself was not great. It was a chronicle of the Punchinello story divided into many sections of incidental progress, but rarely of dramatic tension—more like a little gallery of old colour-prints come to life. Nor did we, until the end—when the racked Punchinello, still in the spirit of bragadocio, bewailed his fate as he beheld a modern Guignol laughed at by the children, and boasted that his perennial story would live whilst he was agonising in misery and derision—fathom the author's purpose. It should have been a replica of the prologue that was wanting. Then we should have been struck by the irony of it all. Now we followed somewhat tamely the growing delusions of the erstwhile pastry-cook who dreamed of glory, who beguiled the players, who amused the king, who conquered his mistress, who seduced the poor little Judy and killed her when his head was turned by his imaginary fame, for which he paid heavily in the torture-chamber. We were interested at times, but we were rarely moved. The drama was on the surface, but not vitally important. It was pictorial, but it lacked inwardness, and the narration, however fluent, mostly well worded, was not such as to grip us in stirred emotion; and it failed.

II.

Its reprieve and revival—an occurrence most rare in our world of the theatre—was a plucky and diplomatic act on the part of Mr. Maurice Browne. He knew where the shoe pinched; he knew that the play, slightly remodelled and curtailed, by its picturesqueness and its theme had a certain vitality which did not transpire at the first go-off. And so he set to work, cut away the loquacious opening scene in which we met Punchinello as a pastry-cook and village *flâneur*, and started with the gay adventure of the mummers *en route* for Spain under Punchinello's inflammatory influence. Having made the play as shipshape as possible, he sought and found the right exponent in Mr. George Hayes, who possessed the flamboyancy of the character, who could swagger and beguile his fellow-players, the king's chamberlain and the Dark Lady, by his quixotic bearing and his sublime arrogance. Mr. George Hayes's is a superb creation, vying in effect with Mr. George Curzon's portrayal of the king—a figure akin to a Velasquez stepping from its frame. He was in turns the boaster, the fervent lover, the Don Juan who murdered his little actress-love and her baby in his infatuation for the Dark Lady who would grant him her favours so long as "he amused her." At length, as the mendicant, maimed by torture, mocked at by the church-going crowd, he grew to a tragic figure. He still believed in himself, he still vaunted his undying fame. But the world laughed at him: fallen from his pedestal, he had become an abject object for derision and merriment instead of compassion. Miss Laura Cowie again added to her laurels by her beautiful, well-poised, arch and satirical performance as the Dark Lady—a piece of comedy acting of exquisite conception; and Mr. Allan Jeayes remained the ideal courtier of good manners and sycophantic undercurrents. Miss Joyce Bland as Judy was at first somewhat neutral, but she rose to a moment of pathos in her woeful reproaches of her lover, who murdered her in the paroxysm of his fervid vanity. Now, as before, the beautiful stage pictures of Mr. Laurence Irving excited universal admiration, and the enthusiasm of the audience betokened that there is every possibility of a new lease of life for this quaint chronicle of "the clown of all ages."

It does not happen very often that a member of the chorus leaps from obscurity into the leading part. Miss Lily Elsie's call at a night's notice to impersonate the Merry Widow, which made her famous, is one of the rare

examples. There have been other occasions, but mainly of an ephemeral nature; it is one thing to be chosen and another to justify the choice and render it permanent. Yet a few days ago the miracle happened. Miss Adrienne Brune, the original Resi of "Waltzes from Vienna," fell a victim to the season's bitterness, and Sir Oswald Stoll had immediately to find a substitute. He, who is a keen observer and weekly watches his productions, without hesitation called upon Miss Nancy Neale, a charming young member of the chorus who, so we learn, had studied

Her very entrance—when she sat in her garden singing a romance while embroidering—was the conquest of Miss Neale. We did not trouble to think whether she was Viennese—a unique specimen of fascinating womanhood. We saw a lovely girl, radiant in her slenderness, singing with all her heart, a little nervously at first, but rising to the height of her top notes in jubilant exaltation. And so through the whole of the play and the score. I can imagine a more trained, experienced singer lending greater *bravura* to her songs; I can imagine a seasoned *ingénue* accentuating some points with greater emphasis and histrionic freedom; but to me the idyllic innocence, the joy of living, the unsophisticated ways of the simple bourgeois maiden were all conveyed in witching sincerity by Miss Nancy Neale. And it is gladness to state that the audience shared these impressions. They welcomed her first romance, they applauded her crescendo after every duet with her partner, Mr. George Vollaire, who shone particularly in young Strauss's woeeful appeal to the Muses for a hearing for his music. At length they gave Miss Neale an ovation. The novice had won—a young and hopeful career had begun.

At the Cambridge Theatre the centenary of Goethe's death was celebrated in a grand manner by the performance of "Urfaust" by the actors of the Aachen Municipal Company, an institution renowned all over the Continent for the cult of the great poet. "Urfaust" was selected in lieu of the more familiar first part because it contains all the elements of the drama, except the pact between Faust and Mephisto and the death of Valentin. These were interpolated and added to the continuity. As it stands, "Urfaust," the embryo of the greater and far more philosophical play, is an intense dramatic poem, rich in thought and imagery, built up by a masterly hand. In sixteen scenes it unfolds the tragic story, and in each one of them the magic of the poet vies with the climactic power. Only towards the end the incidents follow one another in more rapid sequence than in the beginning. We realise that at the time of its inception Goethe had not yet matured the substance of the greater play. Yet to an audience largely unfamiliar with the language, this sketchy outline rendered the play, if anything, more accessible.

The Aachen Company has mounted the tragedy in the most sober form—mainly in Gothic arches and a changeable background—and it selected the costumes of the eighteenth century in preference to the more fantastic designs generally in use. This added to the impressiveness of the production; it brought the action nearer to the hearer; it allowed the actors to vitalise the dialogue and to sail clear of sheer declamation. The Faust of Mr. Hermann Schomberg at first was the only one who indulged in oratory of the older school, but he, too, gradually became more ordinarily human. But the truest note came from Miss Ingeborg Wachendorff, an ideal Margarethe, with a voice that was now lyrically suave, now vibrating in the anguish of her tormented being. I have rarely seen a Margarethe so sincere, so appealing, so exquisitely maidenly. The Mephistopheles of Mr. Kurt Arndt was a masterly creation of a diabolical influence in the ordinary mortal flesh and blood. He did not look like the traditional Mephisto—he was a cavalier in black, with riding boots to match. He was ubiquitous and insinuating. He circled, as it were, round Faust and Margarethe in serpentine convolutions. He was the *deus ex machina*, ever turning up at the crucial moment. His influence hovered all over the play; he beguiled Faust as he affrighted Margarethe. His was the nefarious power that venerated evil in his relentless driving towards his ends. Yet he was full of humour, and his scene with the arch Marthe—excellently played in kittenish vein by Miss Senta Esser—leavened the tragedy with streaks of hilarious relief. All the others—the student, Wagner, Siebel—fitted perfectly into the frame. As for the diction of all concerned, it was beyond my praise. Every word was audible, had a coinage of its own. Occasionally there was on the part of Faust a glide into all too-heavy declamation, but on the whole the performance was delightfully symphonic under the guidance of a master of his craft, Mr. Heinrich K. Strohm.



"HAMLET" IN BYRONIC DRESS: THE GRAVE-DIGGERS' SCENE IN THE MARLOWE SOCIETY'S PRODUCTION AT CAMBRIDGE—HORATIO, HAMLET, AND THE GRAVE-DIGGERS.



"HAMLET" IN BYRONIC DRESS: THE CRAZED OPHELIA SINGS "AND WILL HE NOT COME AGAIN?"—CLAUDIUS, LAERTES, GERTRUDE, AND OPHELIA (LEFT TO RIGHT).

It has been the praiseworthy aim of the Marlowe Society, in their production of "Hamlet" at the A.D.C. Theatre at Cambridge, to present the play in a natural and straightforward manner, free from "the encrustations of tradition and interpretation"—an attempt on the same lines as Sir Barry Jackson's "Hamlet" in plus-fours, when the play was produced in modern dress. The Marlowe Society has selected an early nineteenth-century setting—"a romantic and poetic period suited to the most romantic melodrama in the world; a period when 'Hamlet' reached the zenith of its fame." This interesting idea should be compared with the fantastic Russian production illustrated on the opposite page.

the part in her leisure hours, to step into the breach. It was a bold experiment. A question of voice and personality and of such equipment as would not betray her novitiate. For Resi, the sweet Viennese girl who inspired young Johann Strauss to dedicate to her the most famous of his waltzes, "The Blue Danube," is a difficult part. It demands youth, fervour, virginal femininity, and, above all, the vocal power to make the audience feel the love and sincere devotion that fortified young Strauss in his wrestle with his illustrious and—where music was concerned—most conservative father.

"HAMLET" IN "TRAGICAL-COMICAL" DRESS IN RUSSIA: SHAKESPEARE AS PRODUCED IN MOSCOW.



THE PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE AT ELSINORE: A SKETCH OF THE SETTING FOR THE OPENING SCENE OF THE PLAY IN THE LATEST RUSSIAN PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET," TO BE SEEN AT THE VAKHTANGOV THEATRE.



THE GRAVE-DIGGERS AS MOSCOW CAN NOW SEE THEM—GARBED IN ECCENTRIC WORKING DRESS AND HATTED "MEDIÆVALLY" AND "PURITANICALLY."



"THESE BUT THE TRAPPINGS AND THE SUITS OF WOE": A DESIGN FOR THE COSTUME OF THE MOURNING HAMLET.



THE MOSCOW GERTRUDE: THE QUEEN IN RAIMENT REMINISCENT OF HOLBEIN'S PICTURES—MORE OR LESS CONSISTENTLY OF THE HENRY VIII. PERIOD.



HAMLET IN FIGHTING KIT: HIS WARLIKE APPAREL FOR THE DUEL WITH LAERTES; INCLUDING GAUNTLETS, CUIRASS, AND VISORED HELMET.



A DESIGN FOR THE KING'S COSTUME: CLAUDIUS IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CLOTHES AND A DECIDEDLY STUART PLUMED HAT.



OPHELIA AT THE VAKHTANGOV THEATRE: A DRESS COMBINING A HOTCHPOTCH OF COSTUME STYLES.



THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN IN (MORE OR LESS) ELIZABETHAN COURT DRESS: A POLONIUS WHO MUST NEED A BIG ARRAS TO HIDE HIS SLEEVES!

There is nothing in which Moscow is not revolutionary. The recent revival of "Hamlet" at the Vakhtangov Theatre reveals a novelty of costume and setting which would perhaps surprise the author even more than seeing his melancholy Dane in grey flannels or plus-fours. It is possible that the producers, working

on Polonius's passage: "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral," tried a décor combining what is appropriate to all these eight forms of drama! A Cambridge experiment is illustrated opposite.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

WHEN I was in the United States last spring and protested against the reception given by the oldest of the democratic Republics to the new Spanish Republic, I was answered: "Yes, yes, the Republic is all very well. But one begins with a Republic and one ends with Bolshevism, as in Russia." Obviously, the reply to this was easy. Why should one draw the horoscope of the Spanish Revolution while gazing at the Eastern sky? The Russian Revolution does not make Law. Other republics came into the world without bringing with them social Revolution. Wait and have confidence. Within six months of its foundation, the Russian Republic was a prey to Bolshevism. The Spanish Republic will soon have completed its first year; and it has not yet fallen into the claws of the monster. So far it has not had an easy childhood; how could it? But it has had the strength to strangle the dragons of social Revolution which infested its cradle. There is nothing to justify a belief that the temptations to social Revolution will be more potent in the near future.

How shall we explain these facts? Why has Madrid, so far, escaped the fate of Moscow? Between the two Revolutions there was a difference which deserves to be exposed to general view: the Russian Revolution, which was brought about by the force of arms, caused not only the downfall of the Monarchy, but destroyed the whole of the machinery of the State—justice, police, administration, and finance. From the month of April 1917, Russia no longer possessed any power capable of ensuring legal order, and, in the general anarchy, militant and predatory bands began to swarm. In Spain the Revolution was created by widespread movements of opinion which culminated in the municipal elections of April 12, 1931: the King having abdicated, the Monarchy alone disappeared; the machinery of the State—army, police, justice, administration and finance—were shaken but not destroyed. General anarchy, which followed the fall of Czarism in Russia, did not break out in Spain. That explains many things. A democratic Republic is organised on the principle that Power is delegated by the People. The Government is considered to hold the right to command from the People, who conferred it on them. A democratic Republic, then, must arrange for the periodic Act by which the People confer those powers; that is to say, all the machinery of representative government—Parties, the Press, organs of political opinion, elections, universal suffrage, Houses of Parliament, and so on.

Actually the Russian Revolution first tried, like the Spanish Revolution, to create a representative Government. That was the first period, personified by Kerensky. But a representative Government cannot work without assuring to all Parties, classes, doctrines and interests, equal rights to organise, speak, write, and take action. A régime of liberty presupposes in its turn solid legality, with a Government capable of maintaining it; police, law courts, and laws. Without solid legality the struggle of doctrines, interests, and Parties would degenerate inevitably into a mêlée of armed bands who would argue with blows and pistols until the day on which the strongest of them would seize the Power, disarm the others, and impose its dictatorship. That is what happened in Russia in October 1917. The rise of Bolshevism was nothing but a sudden successful move on the part of a small armed faction which was able to seize power, thanks to the general anarchy. Kerensky's democratic attempt failed; and the Bolsheviks were able to dissolve the Constitution just as it was about to be confirmed because the Provisional Government had neither the money nor the forces necessary to defend legality.

Spain was more fortunate. The Republic has still the means with which to defend legal order—an army, police, magistrates, tribunals, administration, and finances. It can try to organise a Republic of the Western type on the basis of universal suffrage, a Republic worked and governed by a certain number of parties enjoying equal rights. Those who remember the month of April 1917 will not have forgotten the enthusiastic acclamations with which the Russian Revolution was received. No one seemed to notice that Czarism, having disappeared, had left behind it an immense vacant area in which only an armed faction had any real chance of winning power. After nearly a year, there appears to be still as much anxiety for the Spanish Revolution as there was on the first day of its proclamation; no one seems to notice that the old bed-rock of legality in Spain has resisted the shock, and that, so long as it stands firm, there will be no danger of a social Revolution. That strange error of omission proves that, despite all the Revolutions in the nineteenth century, and despite all the books about those Revolutions, we do not yet realise what a Revolution is in fact; nor the good or evil it may do. We should not have been so easily deceived about the Russian Revolution and the consequences of a total crumbling away of legality, if we had better understood the French Revolution.

There is a mystery in the French Revolution which has puzzled the Western mind for a century. France, in 1789, did not wish to destroy the old régime, but only

to rejuvenate the ancient institutions of the Monarchy by making it Constitutional, more or less on the English model. That was the last ambition of the States General, even after they had proclaimed themselves a National Assembly. There was nothing revolutionary in that transformation; it could even justify itself to a certain extent as being a return to the past. Absolutism was a recent and revolutionary apparition in the history of French Monarchy; the States General, which were going to form themselves into a National Assembly, were a very old institution, which had worked until the beginning of the seventeenth century. When the French Revolution first began, it looked towards the past rather than towards the future.

Why was it that there developed from such modest plans one of the biggest convulsions in history, embracing the fall of the Monarchy, the democratic Republic, the Jacobin despotism, the Terror, the Constitution of the Year III., the Directorate, the Consulate, and the Empire? And why, after these extraordinary roundabout paths, did the Revolution eventually arrive at the point from which it had started; that is to say, at Constitutional Monarchy? What Louis XVIII. succeeded in doing in 1814 was only what Louis XVI. had tried to do in 1789. The end of the Revolution was as modest as its beginning. How can one explain why, in order to reach that modest conclusion from that humble beginning, it was necessary to pass from Louis XVI. to Louis XVIII. and twenty-five years of explosions, apocalypses, and convulsions? The mind of the world has been haunted by that problem for a century. Two explanations of it have been given—one from the Right, the other from the Left—and many historians have combined these and so manufactured a mixture of explanations. According to the historians of the Right, it was the idealism of the National Assembly and of the Revolution—that is to say, the false principles of 1789—which provoked the catastrophe by wishing to endow France with chimerical institutions. According to the historians of the Left, it was due to the treachery of the Court, which forced the Revolution into the inevitable excesses of levelling radicalism.

I confess that the more I study the French Revolution the more these two explanations appear unsatisfactory. By their constitution the States General of 1789 were the greatest Assembly in universal history. Never has the world seen a bigger gathering of capacity. In many of their reforms the States General showed an administrative and political capacity of the first order. The Constitution they gave to France was very well made; it was at once prudent and audacious; and, if it could have been applied under nearly normal conditions, experience would have eliminated from it all that was idealistic. In the same way it seems to me that the treason of the Court is one of the innumerable legends which sprang up from the volcanic ground of the Revolution. The attitude of Louis XVI. can be explained in a much simpler and more human manner if one takes into account the position in which he had been put by an event which had, indeed, been provoked by the spiritual effervescence of that time, but must also be considered as an enormous accident—a stroke of fate as far as the Court and the National Assembly were concerned; for neither of them had foreseen or wished it. That decisive event was one of those huge surprises which so often overthrow the most ingenious of human calculations; that is, the taking of the Bastille on the 14th of July. That last explosion of a long accumulation of popular rancour against a symbol of the past in stone, that revolt of Paris, provoked the overthrow of the old monarchical legality throughout France. Towards the beginning of August, while the constitutional Assembly was preparing to endow the country with a new Constitution, the whole of France fell into a state of anarchy which sufficiently resembled the Russian anarchy of the spring and summer of 1917. There was still an army, but it was in a latent state of revolt, and, consequently, unstable. And there were no longer police, justice, or administration; nobody paid taxes; nor were any laws respected.

It was that general anarchy which made the first Constitution inapplicable. Constitutional Monarchy, like all representative government, demands solid legality, a limited executive power which must, however, be strong enough to make itself respected. The National Assembly had understood that, while it limited the ancient absolute autocracy of the King, it was still obliged to leave to the royal authority such strength that the executive power directed by him could accomplish its vital work. But the moment the Assembly, which represented the will and intelligence of France, endeavoured to adapt the ancient executive power of absolute Monarchy to the needs of constitutional Monarchy, it was swamped by a popular movement caused by a sudden awakening of the masses. That fatal coincidence seems to have provoked the insane convulsion of a quarter of a century, by rendering inapplicable a new Constitution which would have worked very well in more normal conditions. Louis XVI. thoroughly understood this, and it is a proof that he had a political mind. The historians ought, perhaps, to have attached more importance to certain declarations by him which seem to me to contain a luminous analysis of the contradiction in which the Revolution engulfed itself between 1790 and 1791.

[Continued on page 448.]



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE GLOUCESTER CANDLESTICK; AN EARLY TWELFTH-CENTURY WORK.

First modelled in wax, then cast in bell-metal by the *cire-perdue* process, this candlestick is an eloquent witness to the technical skill of the craftsman in the early years of the twelfth century. The inscription round the stem tells that it was given by Peter, Abbot of Gloucester, to the church (now cathedral) over which he ruled from 1104 to 1113. Attempts have been made to attribute it to most of the artistic centres of Northern Europe, but the results have been inconclusive, as there is no piece of metal-work of this date to which it can be compared. Fantastic compositions of men, monsters, and foliage were characteristic of the period, and not particular to any one school. It is possible that the Gloucester candlestick was looted from the church when it was destroyed by fire in 1122; a mediæval inscription inside the grease-pan shows that it was presented by Thomas de Poché (perhaps not long after that date) to the cathedral of Le Mans, where it remained until after the French Revolution. It reappears in the possession of an antiquary at Le Mans, who sold it to Prince Soltikoff, on the dispersal of whose collection in 1861 it was acquired for the Museum for £651. Its height is 23 inches.

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COLOUR AND GAIETY IN "THE LAST PARADISE": REJOICINGS AT A BALINESE FUNERAL.

Because the country and its people are in many ways the most attractive in the world, and because the native culture and customs are still unspoilt by contact with Western civilisation, the island of Bali, in the Dutch East Indies, has been described as "the Last Paradise." In the celebration of funeral rites, which are attended by ceremonies peculiar to the island, the Balinese find one of their main opportunities for feasting, dancing, gong-music, and merry-making. They practise cremation; but ordinarily the body is not burnt immediately after death. Common folk are temporarily buried, and bodies are allowed to accumulate in the graveyards, some perhaps lying there for as long as three years, until the death occurs of a person sufficiently important to justify a general disinterment and a holocaust of the accumulated corpses. Since it is believed that only by burning of the body can the soul be liberated and allowed to go to heaven, the cremation

ceremonies are a natural occasion for rejoicing. When a local Raja dies a vast and brightly decorated bamboo pylon is built, topped with an elongated pagoda-shaft; the body is placed within it, and the whole borne on the backs of fifty men to the funeral-pyre. Behind the pylon is drawn the coffin for the burning—a model of a great bull, symbol of the priestly caste of Siva (for a form of Hinduism is the religion of the island). Also there come the coffins of the lower castes that are to share the Raja's cremation—models of donkeys and goats and of monstrous and imaginary beasts. When the cremation-ground is reached the great pylon is carried round three times in a circle at breakneck pace; and before the extraordinary celebrations close in a blaze of flame, the Raja's body is passed over the heads of the crowd from hand to hand, and a mock contest waged for his remains.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PROFESSOR FRANZ KIENMAYER.



"THE STEELHEAD JUMPS."

THE natural home of the fish we know as the Rainbow trout (*Salmo irideus*) is in certain tributaries of the Sacramento River. But the Americans give the name of Rainbow trout to the fish called *Salmo shasta*; and what we call a Rainbow trout they call a Steelhead trout. It is the Steelhead which has been more or less successfully acclimatised in Britain and on the Continent of Europe, to which it was first introduced from the United States in 1882. A great drawback to the acclimatisation of this particular trout is that it is a migratory species, and, after the owner of a certain stretch of water has gone to the expense of hatching, rearing, and planting out the fish, he discovers that it has suddenly disappeared! On the Continent it has been found repeatedly in the coastal waters of Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein, to which it has migrated from other districts.

REPRODUCED FROM THE PICTURE BY DRUCE HORSFALL, BY COURTESY OF "NATURE MAGAZINE." (PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN NATURE ASSOCIATION.)



THE "CASTLE OF THE DISC" AT TELL EL AMARNA: FRESH LIGHT ON "AN AMAZING PERIOD" IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY; FURTHER DISCOVERIES IN THE HERETIC PHARAOH'S SHORT-LIVED CAPITAL—AKHENATEN'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE.



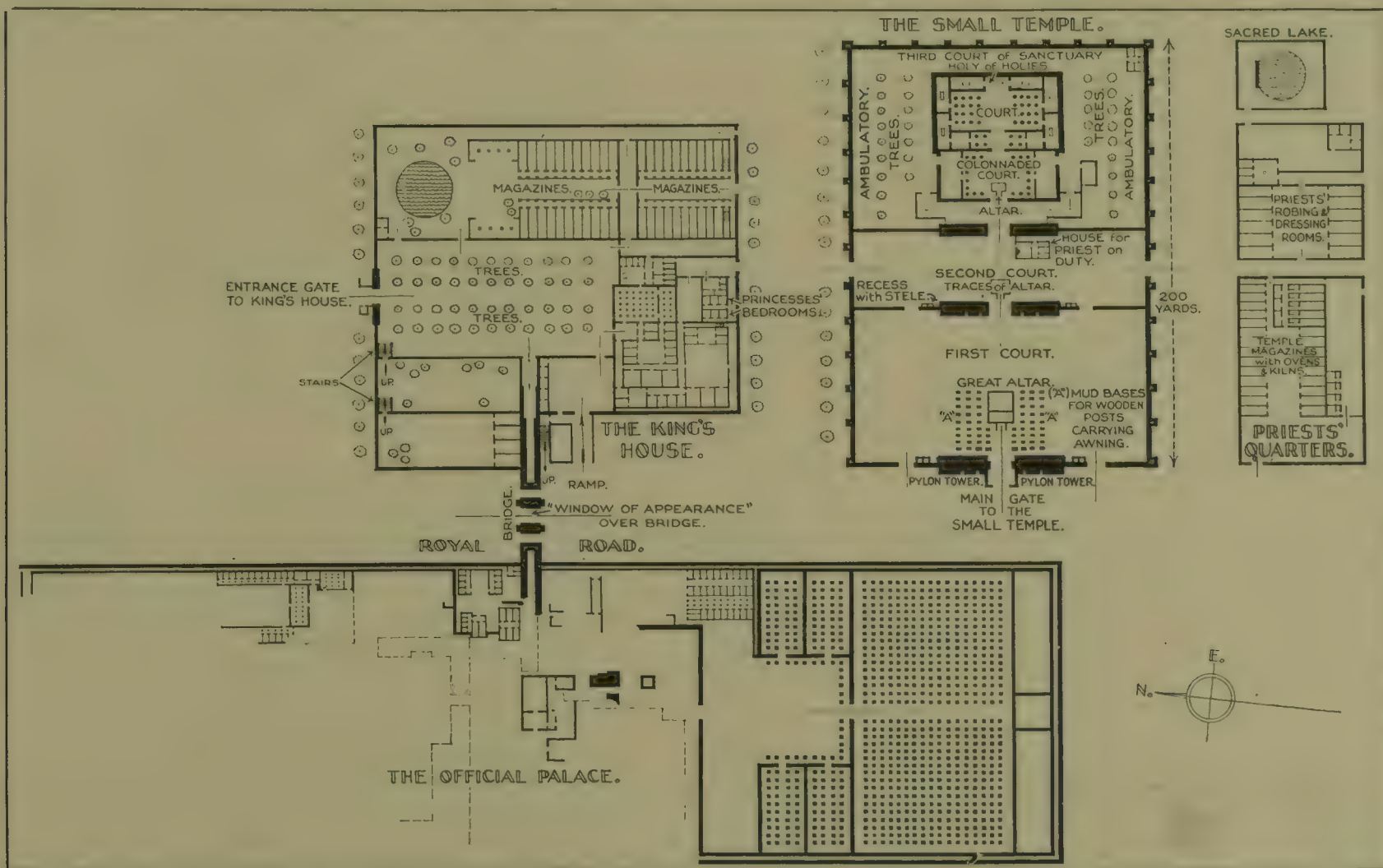
By J. D. S. PENDLEBURY, Leader of the Egypt Exploration Society's Expedition to Tell el Amarna. (See Illustrations on the two following pages.)

Mr. Pendlebury here continues the interesting story of the excavations he has been conducting for some years at Tell el Amarna, the site of that ephemeral city built by the Heretic Pharaoh, Akhenaten, as his capital, and the centre of a new religion. Within a quarter of a century it was forsaken by his successor, Tutankhamen, who reverted to the old faith and moved his Court back to Thebes. The illustrations on the two succeeding pages are numbered, to correspond with the author's references, in order from Figs. 1 to 9.

THE excavations at Tell el Amarna in 1931-2 proved eventually far more successful than we could have dreamed. After completing a number of houses north of the north suburb, whose main interest lay in their being

had been taken. We were therefore faced with a mass of rubble, often as much as four feet thick, and, of course, for some time we did not know whether there might be some of the hard core of the rubble still standing in position. Work, therefore, was very slow. Once, however, it was realised that, since the bottom course had gone, none of the rubble could be found *in situ*, we managed to go a little quicker. But, even so, it needed great patience, for the only way now to recover the plan was to cut down to the thin layer of cement foundation on which the walls had rested. And even here our troubles were not at an end, for there were three levels at which that cement occurred. The highest proved to be the foundations for the floor slabs, which exerted little pressure. The middle layer, slightly sunk below the original

to light some additional fragments of the Ashmolean fresco, and in one room found a painting outfit which may well have been the king's personal property—two brushes, three fish-bones for drawing quills, and a few lumps of raw paint (Fig. 2). On the mud floor of the room were the streaks where he had dried his brushes. The house was surrounded by a terraced garden, approached from the north by an elaborate gateway flanked by flower beds. From the garden ran the bridge to the official Palace, where the state rooms and reception halls would be. Although we did not completely finish the excavation of it this season, we obtained evidence to show that above the central gate of the bridge was a room with painted walls, which must almost certainly have been a Window of Appearance, from which the king showed himself to his



THE COMPLEX OF ROYAL BUILDINGS DISCOVERED AT TELL EL AMARNA: A PLAN OF THE SMALL TEMPLE (HAT ATEN, OR "CASTLE OF THE DISC"); THE PRIESTS' QUARTERS (SEEN ON THE RIGHT); AND THE KING'S HOUSE (ON THE LEFT) CONNECTED BY A BRIDGE WITH THE OFFICIAL PALACE (BELOW).
"This plan," writes Mr. Pendlebury, "has been drawn by Mr. Lavers from memory, since the measured drawings have not yet arrived from Egypt."

the very latest which were ever built in the city, some of them, in fact, having been deserted before they were finished, we concentrated on the great official buildings lying in the centre of Amarna opposite to the Palace excavated over forty years ago by Petrie. (See above plan). We first attacked the building known as the Small Temple, whose name we discovered to be Hat Aten—the Castle of the Disc. It was entered from the west by three gates. The main gate lay between massive pylon towers, still standing to a height of some fifteen feet. The stone paving of the gateway had been hacked up, but in the cement foundations could still be seen the impressions of the masons' marks, among them being the sign for "foundations."

Immediately within the gate lay the remains of a great altar, where the king would make his preliminary offerings. Surrounding this altar were rows of mud bases which must have supported wooden posts to carry an awning. (See plan.)

The second court was entered through a similar series of gates, and here too there seem to be traces of an altar on the main axis. A recess in one inner side of the pylon evidently held a stele, of which we found many fragments, two of them bearing parts of the figures of princesses. In one part of this court was a small house, evidently that for the priest who should be on duty. Another series of gates led into the third court, in which stood the sanctuary proper. All around it, in the ambulatory, as it were, we found traces of trees.

The sanctuary itself, unlike the rest of the building, which is of mud brick, was built of stone, or, rather, of rubble with a stone facing. This good facing had been quarried away when the systematic destruction of the official buildings took place after Akhenaten's death, and even the bottom course, which was of stone throughout,

level of the ground, received the walls, while the lowest layer received the concentrated pressure of the huge columns.

As the plan (above) shows, there was a third altar immediately in front of the entrance, in the middle of a colonnaded court. From here a passage led to an inner court, at the east end of which were traces of three rooms, the central one probably being the holy of holies. It is thus entirely different, in its open-air character, from the normal Egyptian temple, which, as one approached the inner shrine, grew darker and darker, so that the mystery should be heightened. Among the fallen rubble were found some hundreds of fragments of statuary, in hard limestone and granite and sandstone. They had been savagely hacked to pieces, and only one head survives—that of a princess (Fig. 1). She originally formed part of a dyad, but her sister has been lost; behind the statue is inscribed "Royal Daughter," but the name has disappeared. The amount of inscribed material, indeed, is tremendous, and will need another season's work before we can get all the information possible.

Adjoining the Temple to the north, and with a private entrance to it, lies a house excavated by Petrie—the house from which he obtained the delightful fresco, now in the Ashmolean Museum, of the two princesses. The fact that it is so closely connected with the temple, as well as with the building known as the Palace, to which it has access by means of a bridge over the Royal Road, as well as its great differences in the arrangement of rooms from any house we know, and the presence of so intimate a wall painting, lead us to believe that it is the private residence of the Royal Family. And, if anything further is needed to prove it, look at the six bed-rooms opening off one corridor, the night nurseries of the six little princesses! During the re-excavation of the house we brought

people. To the east of the house lay a series of magazines, the king's own stores, already partially excavated by Petrie. From here came the best finds of the season: a magnificent sculptor's trial-piece, with the head of a king in low relief (Fig. 6); a wooden ushabti-holder, which had been temporarily used to contain two ivory walking-stick handles in the shape of hands (Fig. 4); a large alabaster jar, inscribed with the name and titles of Queen Hatshepsut, who had reigned some hundred and fifty years before, and with the amount, 24½ "hennu," which it would hold (Fig. 5). All these three objects were found on one day, while a few days later a further series of sculptor's trial-pieces came to light. One showed the face of a princess, unfinished, but showing the inevitable sweetness of the "Amarna" mouth (Fig. 7). Another showed a series of hieroglyphic signs, evidently done for practice (Fig. 3). A third was engraved with part of the head of Akhenaten, in the repulsive style characteristic of the beginning of the reign (Fig. 9). The most interesting of all is a caricature of Akhenaten, showing him with a scrubby beard before he had shaved! (Fig. 8)

To the south of the Temple lay the priests' houses, the sacred lake, and the temple magazines and workshops, with bread-ovens and glazing-kilns. The whole complex of royal buildings, including the official palace, is over four hundred yards square. Further to the east lie more of the state offices, the house in which was found the famous collection of clay tablets known as the Amarna letters, among them. This part of the city is undoubtedly the wealthiest in remains, and must have been the centre of life. If means allow us, we hope to continue our excavations in this area in the future, working steadily up to the Great Temple, which should provide the clue to the whole of this amazing period.

NEW RELICS OF THE HERETIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY.



FIG. 1. A HEAD OF A PRINCESS INSCRIBED AT THE BACK, "ROYAL DAUGHTER," BUT LACKING THE NAME: THE ONLY SURVIVING HEAD AMONG HUNDREDS OF STATUARY FRAGMENTS FOUND IN THE SMALL TEMPLE AT TELL EL AMARNA.



FIG. 2. A PAINTING OUTFIT WHICH MAY HAVE BELONGED TO THE HERETIC PHARAOH, AKHENATEN, HIMSELF: TWO BRUSHES, THREE FISH-BONES USED AS DRAWING QUILLS, AND SOME LUMPS OF RAW PAINT.



FIG. 3. A SERIES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHIC SIGNS, EVIDENTLY DONE FOR PRACTICE: A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE—ONE OF A NUMBER DISCOVERED IN THE MAGAZINES AND STORE-ROOMS OF THE KING'S HOUSE AT TELL EL AMARNA.



FIG. 4. A WOODEN U-HAFT-HOLDER USED AS A TEMPORARY RECEPTACLE (WHICH LASTED SOME 3000 YEARS!) FOR TWO IVORY HAND-SHAPED HANDLES OF WALKING-STICKS: (ON RIGHT) THE ANTHROPOID LID.



FIG. 5. A LARGE ALABASTER JAR INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME AND TITLES OF QUEEN HATSEPSUT (ABOUT 150 YEARS BEFORE AKHENATEN) AND WITH THE QUANTITY—24½ HENU—WHICH IT HELD: A FIND FROM THE ROYAL STORE-ROOMS.

New discoveries of exceptional interest have resulted from the latest excavations conducted at Tell el Amarna, on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Society, by Mr. J. D. S. Pendlebury, as described in his article on the page following these illustrations, which are numbered to correspond with his references. The site is unique for the reasons set forth by him when describing his previous season's work, in our issue of September 5 last. "The royal city of Tell el Amarna," he wrote, "has a particular importance not only for archaeologists, but for architects, engineers, and those interested in town-planning. Here we have an enormous city, the capital of the most powerful kingdom in the world, laid out all at one time according to the pleasure of the King; built, decorated, inhabited, and deserted, in the space of a quarter of a century. No town stood on the site before: Akhenaten deliberately chose a 'clean spot'; no later settlement occurs, save for a late temple and a Roman fort. It is thus a unique opportunity to excavate a cross-section in the life of a nation undisturbed

PHARAOH: PAINTING MATERIALS, SCULPTURE, CARICATURE.

(SEE MR. J. D. S. PENDLEBURY'S ARTICLE ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.)



FIG. 6. A MAGNIFICENT SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE FOUND IN THE MAGAZINES OF THE KING'S HOUSE AT TELL EL AMARNA: THE HEAD OF A KING, WITH THE URAEUS ON HIS BROW, IN LOW RELIEF.



FIG. 7. THE FACE OF A PRINCESS, UNFINISHED, BUT SHOWING THE TYPICAL SWEETNESS OF THE "AMARNA" MOUTH: A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE DISCOVERED IN THE MAGAZINES OF THE KING'S HOUSE.



FIG. 8. THE HERETIC PHARAOH PORTRAYED WITH A SCRUBBY BEARD BEFORE HE HAD SHAVED! A CARICATURE OF AKHENATEN, THE MOST INTERESTING AMONG THE TRIAL PIECES OF SCULPTURE FOUND AT TELL EL AMARNA.



FIG. 9. PART OF THE HEAD OF AKHENATEN: A SCULPTOR'S TRIAL PIECE FOUND AT TELL EL AMARNA, DONE "IN THE REPULSIVE STYLE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BEGINNING OF THE REIGN."

by questions of stratification, and, when that cross-section falls within one of the most absorbing periods in the history of the ancient world, the excavation of Tell el Amarna may be said to be of unparalleled interest." Akhenaten, it may be recalled, is known as the Heretic Pharaoh, because he abandoned the traditional religion of Egypt for a new faith, which he established in his "mushroom" capital. On his death, however, his successor, Tutankhamen, reverted to the former creed and transferred his Court back to the old capital at Thebes. Tell el Amarna, sometimes called "The City of the Horizon," was left desolate. The plan on page 427 shows the royal buildings among whose ruins the various objects shown in the above photographs were found. Most of the reliefs, evidently trial pieces from a sculptor's studio, came from the store-rooms of the King's House. There also was found the very interesting set of painting materials (Fig. 2), which, Mr. Pendlebury suggests, may have been Akhenaten's personal property.

ECHOES OF "WAR" IN THE FAR EAST: ON BOTH SIDES, DURING THE



JAPANESE PREPARATIONS FOR CROSSING THE WOOSUNG CREEK TO ATTACK CHINESE POSITIONS: BUILDING A BRIDGE OF PORTONOOES COMPOSED OF COMPRESSED CORK, AS USED IN THE MAKING OF REFRIGERATORS.



SOME OF THE CHINESE GUNS IN THE WOOSUNG FORTS, NORTH OF SHANGHAI: A POSITION THAT WAS HEAVILY BOMBED FROM THE AIR AND ALSO BOMBARDED BY JAPANESE WAR-SHIPS.



CHINESE SOLDIERS' WITH UNUSUALLY GOOD EQUIPMENT AND WEARING NEAT UNIFORMS: MEN OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSED 19TH ARMY, AGAINST WHICH ALONE THE JAPANESE ASSERTED THEY WERE FIGHTING.



A SCENE RECALLING THE SIMILAR FLIGHT OF FRENCH AND BELGIAN CIVILIAN POPULATIONS IN ENEMY-OCCUPIED PLACES DURING THE GREAT WAR: AN EXODUS OF CHINESE REFUGEES FROM CHAPEI AFTER THE JAPANESE ATTACK.



THE CHINESE USE OF LAND-MINES: SOLDIERS CARRYING A MINE SLUNG FROM A POLE, TO BE LAID UNDER SOME POSITION IN CHAPEI, READY TO BE DETONATED (ELECTRICALLY) IN THE EVENT OF A JAPANESE ADVANCE.



A COMMON SIGHT IN A DISTRICT WHERE FIRES AND EXPLOSIONS OCCURRED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION AFTER THE FIGHTING BEGAN: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN NEAR THE CHAPEI BOUNDARY ON FEBRUARY 8.

Hopes of establishing permanent peace between the Chinese and the Japanese were strengthened by recent developments of the situation. On March 14 the Japanese War Office stated that, as the danger to the International Settlement was apparently over, half the Japanese force was being withdrawn from Shanghai. On March 11 the League of Nations Assembly adopted unanimously a resolution for settling the dispute, and the British Minister in China reported that there had been nothing like an engagement at Shanghai since the cessation of operations on March 3. Both sides had expressed their willingness to negotiate. On March 10, the Japanese casualties were officially given as follows: Army—240 killed and 1578 wounded; Navy—145 killed and 450 wounded. Our photographs, of course, relate to events some weeks ago, and it may be interesting to recall earlier reports of the fighting that bear upon them. The original Japanese attack on the Chapel quarter of Shanghai is illustrated in the night

SCENES OF FIGHTING AT SHANGHAI, SINO-JAPANESE CONFLICT.



A CHINESE GUN IN THE WOOSUNG FORTS, WITH SOME OF ITS SHELLS IN READINESS FOR USE: ANOTHER PART OF THE POSITION ON WHICH THE JAPANESE MADE A CONCENTRATED ATTACK.



A PECULIAR FORM OF TRENCH CONSTRUCTION, WITH A SEPARATE HOOD-SHAPED COMPARTMENT FOR EACH RIFLEMAN: A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE CHINESE TRENCHES NEAR SHANGHAI.



BRITISH BLUEJACKETS AT SHANGHAI PREVENTING CHINESE REFUGEES FROM OVERCROWDING A BRITISH VESSEL BOUND FOR NINGPO: AN INCIDENT OF A KIND THAT OCCURRED DAILY AFTER THE FIGHTING BEGAN.



UNDER THE RED CROSS FLAG IN A DEVASTATED QUARTER OF SHANGHAI: TWO SISTERS OF MERCY, WITH A VOLUNTEER ESCORT, SEARCHING FOR CHINESE NON-COMBATANTS AMONG THE RUINS OF THEIR HOMES.



THE JAPANESE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF THE WOOSUNG FORTS: A WAR-SHIP (IN RIGHT FOREGROUND, LYING BESIDE A RIVER WHARF) WHOSE FORWARD GUNS HAVE JUST FIRED SHELLS, SMOKE EXPLODING ON A CHINESE POSITION (LEFT BACKGROUND).



A LURID NIGHT AT SHANGHAI, SHOWING FIRES AND A JAPANESE PARACHUTE LIGHT DROPPED BY AIRCRAFT: A PHOTOGRAPH OF CHAPEI TAKEN FROM AN HOTEL ROOF AT 5 A.M. ON JANUARY 28, THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST JAPANESE ATTACK.

view taken on January 28. Enormous numbers of Chinese refugees then left that district and took refuge in the Settlement. On February 3 the Japanese began bombing the Woosung Forts, some eight miles north of the city, and a Japanese aeroplane made a direct hit on one of the guns. On February 7 about twenty Japanese aeroplanes again bombed the forts, while Marines landed and engaged Chinese infantry, and six Japanese ships coming down the Yangtze bombarded the forts, whose guns were apparently out of action, though the defenders replied with machine-guns and trench-mortars. The Chinese entrenched themselves behind the wrecked village and along the creek. On the 13th, after a naval and air bombardment, the Japanese crossed Woosung Creek under a smoke-screen prepared by aircraft, and gained the north bank. The photograph of soldiers of the Chinese 19th Army recalls that the Japanese claimed to be fighting only this army, and not that of all China. The Chinese resented the differentiation.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RECENT phases of the kidnapping industry in the United States lend enhanced interest to a chapter on that subject in a work that bears the somewhat cryptic title of "MUSCLING IN." By Fred D. Pasley, author of "Al Capone: the Biography of a Self-made Man" (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.). Even when it is explained that to "muscle in" is merely the American equivalent for our slang term, to "barge in," or to "butt in"—phrases that remind me of pit scrummages at the old Gaiety and other theatres before the days of queues or camp-stools—there still remains a touch of mystery about that title. Who is it, exactly, that is "muscling in," and into what? There is no question here of a pit, unless, indeed, it be that particular one reserved for the ungodly. For it may now be revealed, without further circumlocution, that Mr. Pasley is concerned with the gangsters and racketeers who are "muscling in" to various branches of American trade, as an extension of their long-existing activities in the boot-legging business.

It appears from these instructive pages that the octopus of gangdom is coiling its tentacles round "more than a hundred major industries" in the largest cities of the States. "Mr. and Mrs. Common Citizen," we read, "have no conception of the extent of the racket and the super-government of organised crime under which it operates. . . . Yet the picture is not complete. The gunman racketeer, preying on high and low, rich and poor, honest citizen and crook, legitimate as well as shady business, continues to enlarge his field of operations and develop his finesse and skill. His motto is, 'Get rich quick—but safely,' and he has found a way to do that with a minimum of risk. It is the kidnapping racket." Citing some notorious instances, the author proceeds: "Kidnapping for ransom, once associated mostly with Chinese brigands and pirates, became, with prohibition, a major criminal industry. In St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Kansas City and Los Angeles, as well as in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, there were racketeer gangs specialising in it. . . . Kidnapping became so common in Chicago that wealthy citizens—leading men in Chicago's commercial life—became alarmed and retained armed bodyguards."

There is much more to the same effect, with many dramatic incidents. In one case, which he describes in detail, the author quotes from a newspaper account: "The unusual thing about this kidnapping is Chicago's semi-official appeal to Mr. Al Capone: 'Won't you please bring back Mr. Lynch? You can do it; our police can't.' Out speaks the great heart of Capone. . . . 'A kidnapper is no better than a rat, and I don't approve of his racket because it makes the kidnapped man's wife and kiddies worry so much. I shall be glad to help Chicago in this emergency if I can.'" To this Mr. Pasley adds: "I have no hesitancy in saying that Capone . . . was speaking in all sincerity. Anyone familiar with his psychology will confirm me. Within two days after Guilfoyle had appealed to Al, Lynch was safely home with his family. The Big Fellow had spoken." Elsewhere the author indicates how the Big Fellow attained his eminent position, and this typical example may help the puzzled English reader to understand the extraordinary power of the gangs in America.

Students in a Chicago school of journalism, we are told, were asked to name the outstanding personages of the world in 1930. Among others they voted: "Col. Charles A. Lindbergh first in aviation; . . . President Hoover in politics; Mahatma Gandhi in experimental social science; Henry Ford in industry; and Alphonse Capone in crime." Concerning this last, Mr. Pasley goes on to say: "He was the Colossus of Racketdom. His power reached into the Chicago City Hall, the County government, the Illinois State Legislature, and even to Capitol Hill in Washington, D.C. . . . 'If you doubt the political sway of this man,' said Municipal Judge John H. Lyle, addressing a church congregation, 'let me inform you that at the last election he elected a State senator to protect his interests. . . . Also he sent to the legislature another man, a young attorney, likewise of his own race, who has defended his gang members on numerous occasions. . . . Furthermore, he elected a congressman. The money element in crime is linked up to official posts (my italics) to a greater extent than the public realises.'"

In this delightful euphemism, it may be, the Judge has located the root cause of American gangdom's prosperity. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* If, as this book seems to show, the wheels of justice are clogged with corruption, threatened witnesses dare not give evidence, and open murder often goes unpunished, what hope is there of permanently preserving law and order? From the point

of view of world welfare, considering the extent of American influence, through films and otherwise, Mr. Pasley's indictment is profoundly disturbing. Personally, finding much to admire and respect in American life and character, so far as they may be known to one who has not visited the country, I should be only too glad to learn that the tale he tells contains an element of exaggeration. From all we have heard lately, however, I rather fear that on this occasion we may omit the salutary pinch of salt.

With my head full of racketing, kidnapping, muscling-in, and bumping-off, I half-expected to come across similar phenomena in a book about another part of the New World, namely, "MODERN SOUTH AMERICA." By C. W. Domville Fife. With thirty-five illustrations and Map (Seeley, Service; 21s.). The author, who has written several previous works on the South American scene, since he became special correspondent of the *Times* in that region nearly a quarter of a century ago, sub-titles his new volume as "A comprehensive survey based on twenty years of intimate connection with the people, places, governments, industries, commerce, and changing conditions of

frequently portrayed in the literature of the past, will be either pleasantly surprised or disappointed, according to his habits or inclinations." To leave no stone unturned, I searched the very full index, but the only suspicious references I discovered were those to cocaine. Even here there is no suggestion of anything shady. It is only mentioned incidentally among the exports of Peru, principally to Japan, and the coca leaf from which it is made is described as "a necessity to the Indian population"—i.e., the South American natives. This leaf seems to have a remarkably stimulating effect on physical endurance. "To understand the Bolivia of to-day," writes Mr. Fife, "one must have seen an Aymara guide running in front of a trotting horse for sixty miles without proper rest. Pain is almost unknown to him, and food is of little importance compared with his lime-gourd and bag of coca leaves. It is this latter drug which enables these really poor specimens of humanity to become the greatest athletes in the world, so far as locomotion and carrying are concerned."

As a rapid survey of a vast territory, Mr. Fife's book seems to me an excellent one for the general reader bent on improving his geographical knowledge, especially for commercial purposes. Inevitably, perhaps, in a work of this character, there is a certain tendency to revel in statistics, relating to products, trade values, and so on, but at the same time there are many good passages of picturesque description, as of the Andes and an ascent of Aconcagua, or of the stupendous Guayra Falls, on the frontier of Brazil and Paraguay. Particularly interesting at present are the author's remarks on the subject of Asiatic immigration into South America, and one wonders how the Chinese and Japanese colonies there hit it off. The tropical regions, he points out, are quite unfit for white labour, and the African negro has plenty of scope at home. "It would, therefore, seem that if the great dead heart of tropical America is to be awakened from its primordial sleep for the benefit of humanity in general during the next century, it can only be accomplished by a steady stream of suitable immigrants from the teeming millions of Japan and Southern China."

To change from the third person to the first in narrative and description makes for greater vividness, though at the same time a restriction of scope. The difference between the two methods is well exemplified in turning from Mr. Fife's section on Yesterday and To-day in Venezuela to a book of individual adventure in the same region—"THE COUNTRY OF THE ORINOCO." By Lady Dorothy Mills. With thirty-four illustrations and a Map (Hutchinson; 15s.). Save for an incidental allusion to rum-running at Curaçao, here again we are beyond the range of gang rule. Lady Dorothy is not only a much-experienced traveller, with a store of memories on which to draw for comparison and contrast, but she possesses that essential quality for this kind of writing—personality, together with a strong sense of humour and a vivacious style. Although she made no sensational discoveries on the Orinoco, which still preserves the secret of its birth, her story is full of entertainment, and her account of the native tribes and their ways is particularly interesting.

Nor was the journey without its perils. Apart from the minor incident of being bitten by an alligator (fortunately small), there were two occasions when she had to use her revolver—once to intimidate some refractory native boatmen, and another time, when she was compelled to shoot in self-defence at an escaped convict from Cayenne who tried to murder her. Here is the beginning of the scene. "I was getting drowsy with the heat and the soporific drone of big insects," she writes, "when a sudden sound made me look up. . . . Scarcely had I time to spring to my feet when the blue-eyed Cayenne-ese was upon me. He was unarmed, but his hands were thrust out towards my throat and mouth, with a smothering gesture, and there was no mistaking his murderous intention. In his eyes glared rank, red murder. Hurriedly, frantically, I fired, plugging him in the thigh. He gave a sharp cry, but did not stop his rush. For a horrible moment the world seemed blotted out by those clutching, smothering hands, but a foot or two from my face. . . . But then came the sound of stamping feet and fierce cries, and up came my men in a rush, shouting hoarsely, brandishing their spears and machetes." And the last state of that blue-eyed Cayenne-ese was worse than the first. It served him right if he was peppered. C. E. B.



TO BE A LOT IN THE SALE OF THE FAMOUS BROOK HOUSE COLLECTION: "PORTRAIT OF LADY HARRIET STANHOPE"; BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.—SIGNED AND DATED 1799.

It was announced last autumn that Brook House, Park Lane, the London residence of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, was to be sold; Lady Louis, who inherited it and its treasures through the will of her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, having decided that it was too expensive to keep up. As a result of this determination, the Brook House collection of objects of art, fine porcelain, furniture and pictures will come under the hammer by instruction of Lady Louis, and with the concurrence of the Trustees and the High Court of Justice of England, Chancery Division. The sale will be held in Brook House on May 23, and the four following days. The auctioneers will be Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of the Sir Joshua Reynolds Galleries, 47, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

the growing nations of South America." In the mass of information here supplied, I have found no allusion to gangsters, or men of their peculiar kidney, and I conclude that this section of the Western Hemisphere must be a comparatively law-abiding place, despite its tendency to local revolutions.

In regard to one of its greatest cities, in fact, there is definite confirmation of this theory. "The water-front of Buenos Aires," we read, "has completely changed. The notorious criminal district of the Boca is no longer to be found. A broad seaside promenade with pleasure-gardens and bathing establishments extends from the harbour entrance away towards the old wicked end. . . . He who goes to Buenos Aires expecting . . . a city of flamboyant vice in a circus-like glitter of tinsel and light, as so

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE IN ACTION: ANALYSIS BY CINÉ-PICTURES.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF PATHÉ SUPER-SOUND GAZETTE—PATHÉ PICTURES, LTD.



THE OXFORD CREW IN ACTION: CINÉ-PHOTOGRAPHS OF A STROKE FROM START TO FINISH.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW IN ACTION: CINÉ-PHOTOGRAPHS OF A STROKE FROM START TO FINISH.

Oxford rowed their only full-course trial over the Putney course on March 10. The decision to row only one such trial is interesting, for, as the rowing correspondent of the "Times" pointed out, since the war Oxford have always rowed more than one such trial each year, though Cambridge have not done so. On

the other hand, Cambridge this year rowed two full-course trials. The second, which had unusual features, was rowed on March 12. The crew started opposite the London Rowing Club Flagpole, 1 min. 7 secs. short of Putney Bridge. The change was made owing to the eddies caused by the reconstruction of Putney Bridge.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE CREWS: CLOSE-UP STUDIES OF ACTION EXPRESSIONS.



OXFORD: G. A. ELLISON (WESTMINSTER AND NEW COLLEGE), BOW; G. M. L. SMITH (WINCHESTER AND BRASENOSE), 2; J. DE R. KENT (SHERBORNE AND BRASENOSE), 3; C. M. JOHNSTON (SHREWSBURY AND BRASENOSE), 4; W. D. C. ERSKINE-CRUM (ETON AND CHRIST CHURCH), 5; R. A. J. POOLE (ETON AND BRASENOSE), 6; W. H. MIGOTTI (RADLEY AND WORCESTER), 7; C. A. CHADWYCK-HEALEY (ETON AND TRINITY), STROKE; T. E. PRICHARD (CLIFTON AND EXETER), COX.



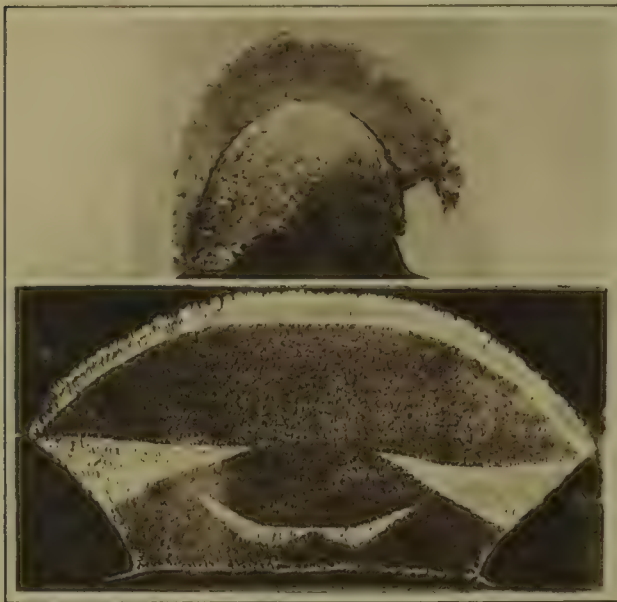
CAMBRIDGE: D. HAIG-THOMAS (ETON AND LADY MARGARET), BOW; K. M. PAYNE (ETON AND THIRD TRINITY), 2; T. G. ASKWITH (HAILESBURY AND PETERHOUSE), 3; W. A. T. SAMBELL (MELBOURNE AND PEMBROKE), 4; C. J. S. SERGEL (MONKTON COMBE AND CLARE), 5; H. R. N. RICKETT (ETON AND THIRD TRINITY), 6; D. H. E. MCCOWEN (CHELTENHAM AND PEMBROKE), 7; L. LUXTON (MELBOURNE AND PEMBROKE), STROKE; J. M. RANKING (CHELTENHAM AND PEMBROKE), COX.

Unless illness necessitates some last-minute and unforeseen change, the crews and order of rowing for the Boat Race, which takes place to-day, Saturday, March 19, will be as illustrated above. It should be pointed out that our admirably vivid photographs are reproduced simply as studies of expression in action, and, since they were not taken under comparable conditions, afford no basis for a comparison of the crews' styles. The contest this year is the eighty-fourth of the series; so far, Cambridge has won forty-two races, Oxford forty, and one race, that of 1877, was a dead-heat.



HOW RUSSIANS WHO WERE IKON-PAINTERS HAVE ADAPTED THEIR STYLE TO SOVIET IDEAS:
A TRACTOR (WITH AN "AUREOLE") WELCOMED BY HARVESTERS.

A most interesting development in the traditional peasant handicraft art of Russia has taken place under the influence of the Revolution. Primitive peasant artistic forms which used to figure in ikons now pay homage to Soviet ideas! The painting illustrated here shows a tractor surrounded by bright rays of golden light, such as were formerly reserved for the heads of saints. In another case St. George has become a Red cavalryman.



THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN FEATHER MANTLE AND HELMET
RECENTLY STOLEN FROM GÖTTINGEN UNIVERSITY.

The royal feather mantle and the royal helmet from Hawaii, to which fabulous values have been assigned, were carried off by burglars from the Ethnological Institute of the Göttingen University on March 8. The stolen insignia were probably centuries old; and some of the birds that yielded the feathers have since become extinct. The two articles were among the property left by Captain Cook in 1779.



THE DEVIS WHICH FETCHED 2300 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S: "THE LOVE
SONG"; SIGNED, AND DATED 1749.

The Devis painting "The Love Song," which is reproduced here, was auctioned at Christie's on March 11 and fetched 2300 guineas, a record price. The picture is signed and is dated 1749. It is in a fine carved Chippendale frame. It is thought that the young gentleman handing a piece of music and the young lady at the spinet are more than probably members of the Bisse family (Size 44 in. by 40 in.).

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: ARTISTIC OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



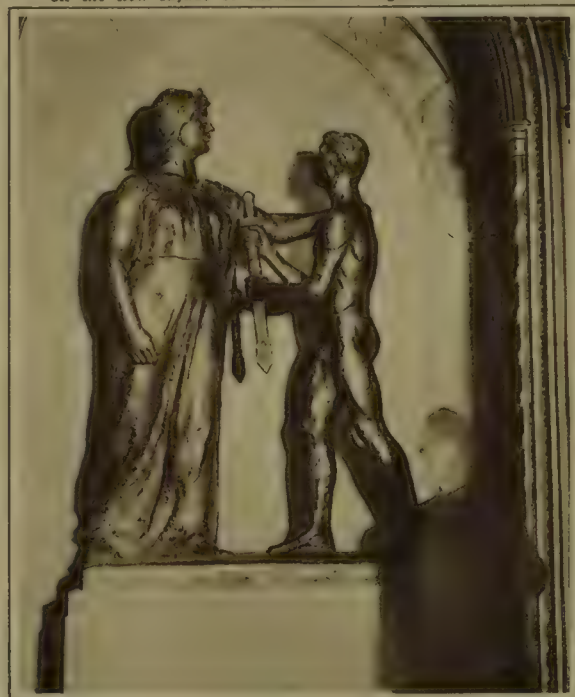
THE NEW GROUP ON THE CORNER OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK
ON PRINCES STREET, E.C.: BRITANNIA SEATED BETWEEN FOUR SYMBOLIC FIGURES.

The fine group illustrated here is the work of Mr. Ernest Gillick. It is to be seen on the corner of the new building of the National Provincial Bank, and was uncovered on March 13. The central figure is that of Britannia, who is seen seated between four figures, the lower pair representing Higher and Lower Mathematics. This group suggests an interesting comparison with the somewhat unconventional "old lady of Threadneedle Street," on the new façade of the Bank of England.



A HUGE REPLICA OF THE KUDARA
KWANNON: A BRITISH MUSEUM PURCHASE.

The Trustees of the British Museum purchased, on March 12, a replica of the most famous of ancient Japanese sculptures in wood, the early seventh-century statue of Kwannon (the so-called Kudara Kwannon), which is now in the Nara Museum. The statue is over life-size, and bears traces of polychrome colouring. It represents a Bodhisatva with the crowned head shaded by a giant lotus leaf.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS WAR MEMORIAL: THE FIGURES
UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On March 10, the Prince of Wales unveiled, in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords, the memorial to those Members of the House and the sons of Members who gave their lives in the Great War. The bronze figures represent a youth, "proud of his right to serve," offering his sword to his country at the end of his task. The figures were designed by Mr. John Tweed.



AN EARLY WALL-PAINTING BROUGHT TO LIGHT IN DUNKELD CATHEDRAL: "THE JUDGMENT OF
SOLOMON" REVEALED BY A PRESERVATION SCHEME.

We illustrate here the traces recently brought to light in a Scottish church of an old (perhaps a fifteenth century) painting of the Judgment of Solomon. The discovery was made on the wall of the tower of Dunkeld Cathedral (Perthshire). A correspondent writes: "The principal picture was discovered when a layer of the plaster on the wall was removed in connection with an Office of Works preservation scheme. It shows the Judgment of Solomon, in which the King, with a child on his knee, is delivering his sentence. The picture is believed to be over 400 years old, and it is thought that it was covered up at the time of the Reformation."

THE GERMAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: HINDENBURG VERSUS HITLER.



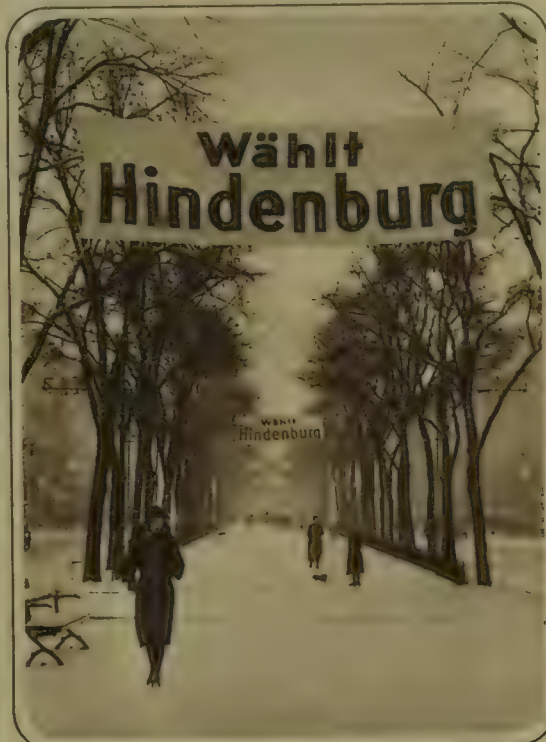
ONE OF THE NUMEROUS MODERN METHODS ADOPTED DURING THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN: AN AEROPLANE, WITH "HINDENBURG" PAINTED ON ITS LOWER WING, WHICH DROPPED PAMPHLETS OVER BERLIN.



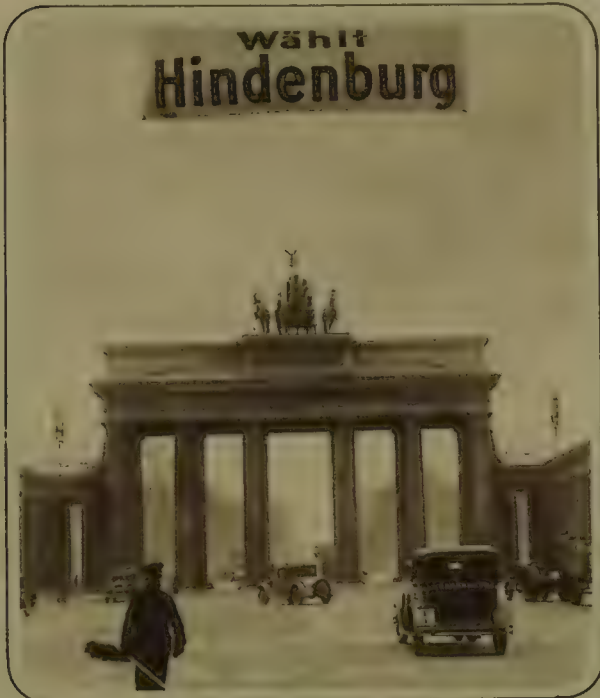
WITH AN UMBRELLA TO ENSURE SECRECY OF BALLOT: A PATIENT IN A BERLIN HOSPITAL VOTING IN THE ELECTION, WHICH WAS ACCEPTED AS BEING OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE.



A GREAT GATHERING IN FAVOUR OF HERR HITLER, THE NATIONAL-SOCIALIST (NAZI) LEADER, WHO WAS SECOND TO FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG IN THE VOTING ON MARCH 13: IN THE LUSTGARTEN ON MARCH 9, THE DAY ON WHICH THE NAZIS WERE WARNED AGAINST FORCE.



"ELECT HINDENBURG": STREAMERS ASKING FOR VOTES FOR THE REIGNING PRESIDENT STRETCHED ACROSS THE PRENZLAUER AVENUE, BERLIN.



"ELECT HINDENBURG": A STREAMER ASKING FOR VOTES FOR THE REIGNING PRESIDENT HUNG OVER THE ROAD AT THE BRANDENBURGER TOR, BERLIN'S "MARBLE ARCH."



THE LAST OF THE MEETINGS AT WHICH DR. BRÜNING MADE FIGHTING SPEECHES IN FAVOUR OF FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG: THE GATHERING IN THE SPORTPALAST, BERLIN, ON MARCH 11, WHEN THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR PLEADED FOR STABILITY.

The Presidential Election in Germany on Sunday, March 13, was of very unusual and, it may be said, of world-wide interest; for two of the five candidates were of paramount importance. While success for the one was calculated to keep Germany stable, success for the other was deemed to have in it probabilities of revolutionary changes and much strife—political and, possibly, physical. Needless to say, we refer to Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, the reigning President, and Herr Adolf Hitler, the National-Socialist (Nazi) leader. The first voting was non-conclusive, in that President von Hindenburg, although he received many more votes than Herr Hitler, or any other candidate, did not have the absolute majority

over his four opponents which was necessary to secure his election. For that reason, there must be another ballot, and this will take place on April 10. The candidate who then obtains the largest number of votes will become President. As we write, the official (provisional) result of the voting on March 13 is that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg received 18,661,736 votes; Herr Hitler, 11,338,571; Herr Thälmann, the Communist, 4,982,079; Lieut.-Col. Dösterberg, Deputy Leader of the Stahlhelm and official Nationalist Party candidate, 2,557,876; and Herr Winter, who was the recognised "freak" candidate, and stood for the revalorization of certain pre-inflation thousand-mark banknotes, 111,470.

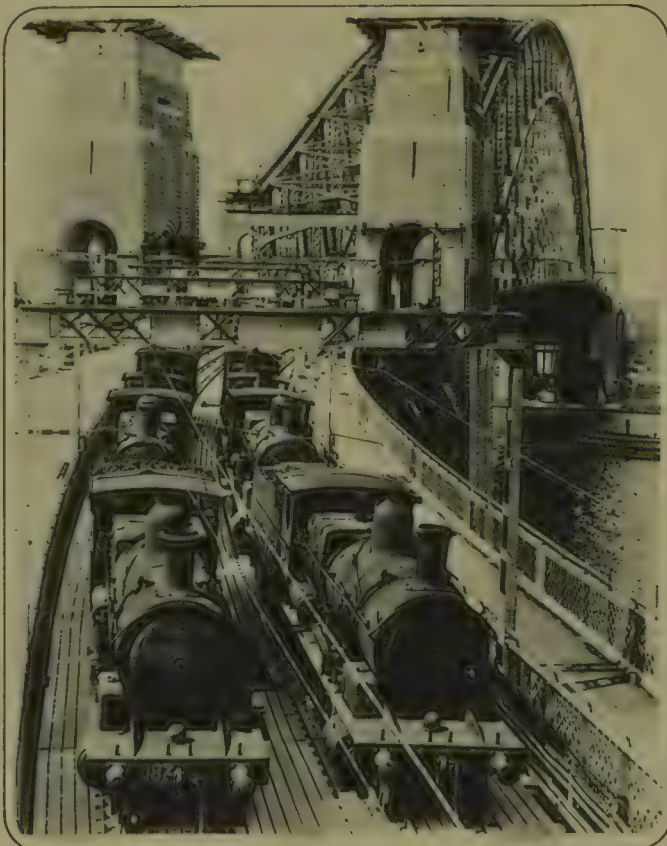
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE RIOT AT THE FORD WORKS AT DEARBORN, MICHIGAN, WHICH RESULTED IN FOUR DEATHS: A COMMUNIST CROWD OF "HUNGER MARCHERS" ADVANCING ON THE FORD PLANT.

TESTING THE
NEW SYDNEY
HARBOUR BRIDGE:
OLD RAILWAY-
ENGINES, STRUNG
TOGETHER,
BEING USED
IN THE
"DEAD WEIGHT"
TEST.

Final tests on the Sydney Harbour Bridge have been made, including this four hundred ton "dead weight" test, and the bridge will be formally opened to-day, March 19. Photographs of it appear on other pages of this issue. It is reported that, in view of a possible clash between the New South Wales Communists and the New Guards (an anti-Red organisation) at the opening ceremony, the Government is taking special precautions.



THE COMMUNIST RIOT AT THE FORD WORKS: POLICE RETREATING BEFORE THE DEMONSTRATORS BEFORE MAKING A STAND—WHEN FIRE-HOSES, TEAR-GAS BOMBS, AND FINALLY "GUNS" WERE USED TO REPEL THE ATTACK.

A crowd of 3000 Communists made an extraordinary demonstration against Mr. Henry Ford on March 7, organised a "hunger march," and attacked the Ford works at Dearborn, near Detroit. Mr. Ford's private police, with the aid of Dearborn city police, succeeded in routing the rioters, but not before it had been found necessary to fire on them. Hoses and tear-gas bombs were first used, without avail. Two of the unemployed were killed outright, and two more died later in hospital. Between fifty and a hundred people were wounded, including a number of policemen, one of them the chief of the Ford police.



THE RETURN OF THE SPEED KING: SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, WITH EARL HOWE (LEFT), LADY CAMPBELL, AND THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON, AFTER LANDING IN ENGLAND.

Sir Malcolm Campbell was heartily greeted on his arrival at Southampton on March 11, having recently raised the world's land-speed record to over 254 miles per hour at Daytona. He said that though he had no definite plans for setting further records, he was confident that a speed of 300 miles per hour could be reached. He was given a civic reception, and broadcast an account of his record run.



M. BRIAND'S STATE FUNERAL: THE CATAPALQUE IN THE FOREGROUND, AND (RIGHT) M. TARDIEU, THE PRIME MINISTER, DELIVERING THE FUNERAL ORATION OUTSIDE THE FOREIGN MINISTRY.

The State funeral of M. Briand, on March 12, was a dignified and impressive ceremony, attended by representatives of almost every nation and of numberless associations from all over the world. In the course of his funeral oration, M. Tardieu said: "Aristide Briand brought the idea of peace into its highest renown and concentrated upon it the aspirations of the age. His mission could be traced through thirty years. Its history in France was the preparation for its history in Europe."



A FATAL ACCIDENT AT MONTE CARLO: THE TANGLED WRECK OF THE LA TURBIE FUNICULAR, WHICH CRASHED FOR A DISTANCE OF 1000 YARDS, KILLING THE DRIVER AND FIREMAN.

The funicular train running between Monte Carlo and La Turbie, well known to British visitors to the Riviera, was derailed on March 8, and fell a distance of over half a mile into the street below. The driver and fireman were killed. The passengers were all workmen, some of whom sustained injuries in jumping clear. It is not certain how the accident occurred, though one report says that it was due to brake failure.

THE DRUM OF FORTUNE IN DUBLIN: THE HUGE IRISH HOSPITALS "SWEEP."

DRAWING THE LUCKY COUNTERFOILS FROM THE "PORT-HOLES" IN THE DECORATED DRUM IN THE PLAZA-BALL-ROOM; WITH THE SMALL CRYSTAL DRUM CONTAINING THE NAMES OF THE HORSES ON THE RIGHT: NURSES OFFICIATING—ONE HANDING A COUNTERFOIL TO GENERAL O'DUFFY, POLICE COMMISSIONER OF THE IRISH FREE STATE.



PRELIMINARIES: GIRLS WORKING AT SPEED TO DISPATCH THE LAST RECEIPTS AND TO ACKNOWLEDGE APPLICATIONS FOR TICKETS.



BEFORE THE GREAT MIXING: GIRLS IN "NAPOLEONIC" UNIFORM CARRYING BOXES OF COUNTERFOILS INTO THE PLAZA.



MACHINERY OF FATE: THE MIXING OF THE SEVEN MILLION COUNTERFOILS—GIRLS IN CHARGE OF TRUCKLOADS OF THE COUNTERFOILS AND OFFICIATING AT THE MECHANICAL MIXER.



AFTER THE MIXING: GIRLS COSTUMED TO REPRESENT VARIOUS COUNTRIES EMPTYING COUNTERFOILS INTO THE DRUM FOR THE DRAW.

The total receipts for the Irish Hospitals Sweepstake on the Grand National were £3,365,312. Of this the hospitals will take £841,328. The prize money (after the deduction of the hospitals' share and the running expenses) was £2,239,477. So numerous were the applications for tickets that, for the first time in the romantic history of the Irish Sweep, one day did not suffice for the mixing of the counterfoils: the process began on March 12 and went on until 1 p.m. on the Sunday.

As usual, spectacle played considerable part in the proceedings. The counterfoils (seven million or so) were mixed by girls in "Napoleonic" costume, who had charge of the little trucks of counterfoils and fed the mechanical mixer; and they were then conveyed to the Plaza ball-room, in Dublin, where the actual draw took place, beginning on March 14. The counterfoils were placed in the decorated drum by girls appropriately costumed to represent many participating countries.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PENGUINS AND THE GARE-FOWL.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ONE of my correspondents has written to ask me whether I can tell him why the now-extinct great auk was called by some the "gare-fowl" and by others the "penguin." "Gare-fowl," I find, is a corruption of the Icelandic name "geirfugl," while the name "penguin" is regarded by some as a

larger; and in the same degree it is related to the guillemots. But look at their mode of life. The guillemots and razorbill live on the ledges of precipitous cliffs, rising sheer out of the sea. With the exception of such ledges, which are required to be no larger than will lodge the egg and the incubating bird, land is never alighted on. After a few short weeks, when the breeding season is over, the tribe betakes itself to the sea, and there, throughout the whole winter, through calm and storm, they remain afloat.

The walking powers of these birds, it may be imagined, are nil, but they are superb masters of swimming and diving. Intensive use of the legs for this purpose has lengthened the body and gradually shifted the legs backwards, as well as reduced their size, for, while they are used when swimming at the surface, the birds use their wings when under water.

Now turn to the puffin. This is also a cliff-dweller, but, never having con-

fronts us. It was flightless. Like the divers of to-day, it found a congenial nesting-place on the shore, which could be reached by merely shuffling the body forwards on its breast for a few yards. Hence there was no incentive to fly, and thus it came about that in the course of years the wings, from lack of use as organs of flight, degenerated till they were no longer able to perform this function, though they seemed still to be strong enough to act as propellers under water.

So much for the gare-fowl and his kind. Let us turn now to the penguins. No one has yet been able to give us any really convincing evidence as to the affinities of these strange birds, which have become more intensively adjusted to an aquatic life than any other species. And the principal item of that adjustment is the transformation of the wing into a "flipper," superficially very closely resembling the flipper of a dolphin or porpoise. At once we can rest assured that these birds do not form their nests on ledges of cliffs, but lay their eggs on beaches; which, indeed, we know to be the case. But the wing of the penguin cannot be curtly dismissed with the statement that it has become transformed into a flipper. In all other birds having degenerated and flightless wings, some trace is always left of the "quill," or flight-feather, though they may now hardly be recognisable as such. Not so with the wing of the penguin, wherein it is impossible to distinguish either remiges or covets, as we understand these to-day.

The penguin's wing, however, is not to be placed in the category of "degenerate" wings. It has taken on an entirely different function, which we may describe as flight under water. The changes which made it less and less efficient as an organ of flight were just those which made it more and more efficient as an organ of natation. There are two other parts of the skeleton of the penguin which, since their like is not to be found in any other known bird, should be mentioned here. The first of these is the form of the shoulder-blade, which has the shape of a scimitar; the second is the form of the lowermost segment of the leg, or "tarso-metatarsus." In all other birds this forms a more or less cylindrical axis formed by a fusion of these originally separate "metatarsals"—the bones which lie between the ankle and the toe-bones. In the penguins these form three stout, short cylinders, lying side by side, as seen in Fig. 2.



1. TWO GENTOO PENGUINS (*PYGOSCELIS TENIATA*) AT THE WATER'S EDGE: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH SHOWS CLEARLY THE BIRD'S MARKINGS, INCLUDING THE CHARACTERISTIC WHITE BAND OVER THE HEAD, AND ITS WINGS THAT HAVE DEVELOPED INTO FLIPPERS.

The gentoos are birds that not only form dense breeding grounds near the sea, but also several miles inland, and in their journeys to and fro make a sharply defined beaten path. In this connection, our readers may remember that we reproduced on October 31 last year some remarkable photographs of the extensive penguin colonies on Lobos Islands, off the coast of Peru, where they are protected by the Peruvian Government in order to maintain a steady supply of guano, and at Bird Island, off South Africa.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

corruption of "pin-wing," in allusion to its flightless condition. It seems to have been first bestowed by British seamen when they discovered this bird in Newfoundland. This information is probably correct: I hope so, but somehow I can never develop any real enthusiasm over "nomenclature." Names there must be, to avoid misconceptions or worse; we must be thankful that there are some among us who can interest themselves in this theme. But for them Babel would once again overwhelm us in confusion.

This matter of names, however, set in train another and very different line of thought, and this concerns both the gare-fowl and the penguin, though now as living bodies. Neither the old fisherman nor the average man or woman of to-day has given anything but the most superficial attention to birds and beasts, in so far as their essential structural characters are concerned. Any day, at the "Zoo," you may see a small group of people in the penguins' enclosure. They have been taken there by the keeper that they may be amused by these "quaint birds" when walking, or may marvel at their skill and speed in catching fish thrown into the water. But very few ever leave that enclosure with more than a general impression that they have seen something "very droll." I think they should have seen enough to make them ask some pertinent questions, but most certainly I agree that they could not be expected to see these birds with the eye of the specialist.

Now, the gare-fowl and his tribe, on the one hand, and the penguins on the other, have each been moulded by conditions external to themselves. The gare-fowl, or great auk, is own cousin to our razorbill, but vastly

traced the habit of living when ashore on narrow ledges, it has retained the power of walking, holding the body horizontally and not vertically, as in the razorbill and guillemot. The puffin will lay its eggs in cavities in the cliffs, among boulders, in caves, and in burrows on the top of the cliff driven either by themselves or dug by rabbits, who are promptly ejected. In each of these cases, it is clear, the power of flight must be retained, for if they cannot gain access to the cliff face they can rear no young, and their race vanishes.

Turning now to the great auk, a very interesting state of affairs



2. PECULIAR FEATURES OF THE PENGUIN'S SKELETON: THE SCAPULA, OR BLADE-BONE, WHICH DIFFERS FROM THAT OF ALL OTHER BIRDS IN BEING SHAPED LIKE A SCIMITAR, INSTEAD OF LIKE AN ARCHED ROD; AND (ABOVE) THE CURIOUS FOOT-BONE, FORMED BY THE FUSION OF THREE "METATARSALS."



3. ROCK-HOPPER PENGUINS, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC TUFTS GROWING FROM THE HEAD: A SPECIES SAID TO MOVE ON LAND BY HOPPING WITH BOTH FEET TOGETHER.

It should be pointed out that there are several species of rock-hoppers. They are said to have a curious habit, when in the water, of laying their wings to their sides, arching their necks forward, and then, with a sudden spring, shooting straight into the air.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

**A DRUG SMUGGLED UNDER "WIGS" WORN BY CAMELS!
HAIR-COVERED HASHISH HIDDEN IN HOLES CUT
IN THE ANIMALS' WOOL.**



A CAMEL WITH HASHISH HIDDEN BENEATH THE "WIG" ON ITS BACK: THE ANIMAL AS IT WAS MARCHED BY THE SMUGGLERS AFTER SLABS OF THE DRUG, COVERED WITH HAIR CUT FROM ITS BACK, HAD BEEN GLUED INTO THE HOLES CLIPPED IN ITS COAT AND BRUSHED TO CONCEAL THE JOINS.



THE CAMEL AFTER THE "WIG" OF HASHISH HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM ITS BACK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE HOLES CLIPPED IN THE COAT IN ORDER THAT THE HAIR-COVERED SLABS OF THE DRUG MIGHT BE GLUED TO THE ANIMAL'S SKIN—IN THE FOREGROUND (OF BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS) HAIR-COVERED SLABS OF HASHISH; WITH SINAI CAMEL POLICE WHO MADE THE CAPTURE.

Our readers will recall that we published in our issue of March 5 a number of photographs illustrating certain of the methods of smuggling devised by traffickers seeking to elude official vigilance and get pernicious and forbidden drugs into Egypt. Here is a still more remarkable case of cunning—in this instance, on the part of traders crossing Sinai with that dangerous narcotic and intoxicant, hashish, a preparation of the resinous juice of *Cannabis sativa*, hemp which is a native of Syria, Turkey, Arabia, and Northern India. Our correspondent tells the story as follows: "Hashish, a popular and prohibited narcotic which is manufactured in Syria and Turkey, finds a ready market in Egypt, where a big price is paid for it. Owing to the activities of the frontier patrols in Sinai, it

is by no means easy to smuggle it into Egypt across the desert. Recently, however, a caravan of traders with twenty-five camels for sale passed the frontier post at Rafa and, after being searched for contraband, went on their way. Half-way across Sinai they met two mounted police—and one of these ran his hand into the wool of the camels and found hidden there some slabs of hashish. The artful smugglers had clipped away small patches of hair from the camel's back; had then stuck the hair on to one side of slabs of hashish; and had then fixed the hashish into the holes in the animal's coat by means of glue, brushing the hair over to effectually hide all signs of the drug. Six smugglers, twenty-five camels each carrying six blocks, and hashish to the value of £1000, were captured."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



VICTORS IN THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS: CAMBRIDGE REPRESENTATIVES.

In the photograph of the Cambridge team are seen (l. to r., back row): C. A. Emerson, C. Whitehead, W. H. L. Thring (did not compete), W. S. Karran, V. Munroe; (standing) Alec Nelson (trainer), H. A. Bradley, C. S. de Freitas, G. S. Churchill, J. O. Fielding, E. G. Perry, A. J. Martin, J. J. D. Groves, A. K. Parthy; (sitting) E. Davis (did not compete), J. D. Wade, A. Munroe, J. St. L. Thornton (who established a record in the 120 yards hurdles), F. T. Horan, R. K. Brown, J. E. Robins, W. D. Behnker; (sitting on ground) E. W. Denison, C. W. Benson. I. S. Ivanovic is not in the group. In the photograph of the Oxford team are seen (l. to r., back row): C. A. Lee-Steere, H. B. St. L. Carter, D. B. Fraser, K. S. Duncan, J. W. Follows, J. Byles, C. D. O. Gowan, C. W. Lowry, J. E. Lovelock; (seated) J. P. Scott, S. H. Skinner, W. L. Lang, S. M. B. Wansey, J. F. Cornes, C. J. Mabey, L. F. York, J. G. Barnes, R. B. Peacock; (seated on ground) G. A. MacLean, J. C. Mahoney, S. K. Kurtz, H. T. Hammond. F. Goodbody is not in the group.



VANQUISHED IN THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS: OXFORD REPRESENTATIVES.



DR. J. A. VENN.

Junior Fellow and Bursar of Queens' College, Cambridge. Elected President in place of the late Rev. T. C. Fitzpatrick, March 12. Took Honours in History, 1904-05. Fellow of Queens', 1927. Is forty-nine.



MR. E. J. FORSDYKE.

Appointed Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, in succession to Mr. H. B. Walters. Has excavated in Crete. A great authority on early Aegean and Cretan civilisation.



PRESIDENT DE VALERA AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE NEW IRISH FREE STATE CABINET.

The names are (l. to r., front row): Mr. F. Aiken, Minister of Defence; Mr. P. J. Rutledge, Minister of Lands and Fisheries; Mr. Eamon de Valera, President of the Irish Free State Executive Council and Minister for External Affairs; Dr. J. Ryan, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. T. Derrig, Minister of Education; Mr. James Geoghegan, K.C., Minister of Justice; (back row) Mr. Sean McEntee, Minister of Finance; Mr. S. T. O'Kelly, Vice-President of the Executive Council and Minister for Local Government and Public Health; Senator Conolly, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs; Mr. Sean Lemass, Minister of Industry and Commerce; and Mr. Gerald Boland Chief Government Whip. Mr. Frank Aiken was Chief of Staff to Mr. de Valera's forces in the Civil War; Mr. Derrig was a notable figure in the Civil War; while Mr. McEntee was sentenced to death, but his sentence was commuted.



MRS. HSUAN-T'UNG.

Wife of the President, or Regent, of the new Manchurian Republic (Manchukuo) installed on March 9. Sir John Simon stated recently that it would be premature to recognise the President.



MR. ANGUS SCOTT.

Elected Chairman of the L.C.C. on March 8, in succession to Mr. E. Sanger. Chairman of the Finance Committee for over five years. First chartered accountant to be Chairman.



MR. BERNADOTTE (PRINCE LENNART OF SWEDEN) AND MRS. BERNADOTTE AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

Mr. Bernadotte, who has forfeited his title of Prince of Sweden, married Miss Karin Nissvandt on March 11, at the Register Office in Prince's Row. Later they left Victoria en route for the Castle of Mainau, on Lake Constance, where they are spending their honeymoon. The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Prince Lennart's mother, though in England, was not present at the wedding.



MR. STUART BEVAN, M.P.

Appointed Recorder of Bristol in succession to Mr. Justice du Parcq, now a High Court Judge. M.P. (Cons.) for Holborn since 1928. An authority on commercial legal questions.



MR. FRANK FAHY.

New Speaker in the Dail Eireann. The candidate of Fianna Fail, who secured his election by a majority of eight votes over Mr. Michael Hayes, Speaker in the last Dail.



M. RACHMANINOV.

Presented with the Royal Philharmonic Society's Gold Medal, on March 10, an occasion on which he had played his Concerto in D minor (No. 3). Has composed operas, symphonies, and four pianoforte concertos.



MR. E. EDWARDS.

Elected Secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, March 10, in succession to the late Mr. A. J. Cook. Succeeded the late Mr. Tom Richards as President of the Federation. Formerly M.P. for Morpeth.



MR. GEORGE EASTMAN, OF KODAK CAMERA AND FILM FAME, WHO SHOT HIMSELF ON MARCH 14.

Mr. George Eastman, founder of the Eastman Kodak Company, and a noted philanthropist, committed suicide on March 14, at the age of seventy-seven. He patented the first commercially successful rollable film in 1884, and produced the original Kodak camera in 1888. He worked with Edison in solving problems of the moving picture.



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Ⓢ G 10

A DAFFODIL-CLUMP AS SEASON-RECORDER: ON MARCH 1st IN 16 YEARS.



1917.



1918.



1919.



1920.



1921.



1922.



1923.



1924.



1925.



1926.



1927.



1928.



1929.



1930.



1931.



1932.

Each of these photographs was taken on the 1st of March of the year named, and each is of the same clump of daffodils. The reader who took them writes, from Norfolk: "In connection with the work of my meteorological station, I have for between twenty and thirty years made photographic records of vegetation of all types on specific dates throughout the year. In the case of the photographs reproduced, the following figures of mean temperatures should be noted. 1917 photograph: previous summer temperature—58.2; previous winter temperature—35.4; February temperature—33.9. 1918 photograph: 61.7; 38.5; and 42.7.

1919: 59.5; 38.6; and 35.3. 1920: 58.5; 41.1; 42.1. 1921: 58.3; 41.5; 40.2. 1922: 61.5; 39.9; 40.0. 1923: 57.6; 41.1; 41.5. 1924: 60.2; 37.0; 36.4. 1925: 59.6; 41.4; 40.8. 1926: 61.3; 39.6; 44.1. 1927: 60.0; 39.2; 39.3. 1928: 59.3; 39.0; 41.9. 1929: 60.1; 34.5; 30.9. 1930: 59.7; 40.6; 38.4. 1931: 61.1; 38.0; 38.0. 1932: 59.3; 40.1; and 42.1. These figures indicate that the conditions of the preceding summer have little influence on the date of the spring flower; that the mean temperature of the winter materially affects it; but that the main determining influence is the mean temperature through February."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ENGLISH NEEDLEWORK AT "THE AGE OF WALNUT" EXHIBITION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SIR FREDERICK RICHMOND has been collecting English needlework for twenty-five years. The walls of his office are hung with it; his country place is full of it; in his London house fine examples are to be seen in every room, either framed in pearwood or resting under glass cases. Those that are not in the rooms overflow into the hall and up the stairs. The gaps left by the loan of a dozen or so to an exhibition are hardly noticeable. Some specimens are unique, all are of very high quality, and beyond question they form the finest collection of

careful placing in the space available of flowers and beasts, but the latter vary considerably from the usual semi-heraldic type of animal. In this instance a dog occupies the top left corner—the owner calls him an old English bulldog, though some will see in him more of the mastiff—while a particularly engaging bear is seated top right. This creature would make an uncommonly good illustration to a nursery story, for the better sort of bears—that is, the bears one remembers from one's childhood—unquestionably do raise their right paws before uttering some particularly profound truth. Between these two is a peacock in full display, and below a turkey-cock. The little panel in the middle shows a man and a woman in a garden, with a small dog

running up the path in the centre of the balustrade, and is carried out in miraculously fine petit point.

The frame of the mirror in Fig. 2 is an unusually elaborate example, partly in silk embroidery and partly in stump-work. This latter method reached the height of its popularity about the middle of the century, and women took endless pains over the elaboration of the tiny figures and their trappings. The high-relief portions were worked separately on stout linen, and then fastened with infinite patience on a foundation of hair or wool.

Heads and hands were sometimes carved in wood, and covered either with satin or lace stitch, or merely painted. Sometimes real hair was used for the head. Fruit, such as apples and pears, was worked over little wooden balls, while all sorts of odds and ends were as often as not dragged into service for the further adornment

of the figures—seed pearls, coral beads, bits of glass, and even peacock feathers.

Favourite subjects for illustration were Biblical stories, especially the meeting of Solomon and the



1. A STUART PANEL OF RICH EMBROIDERY ON A WHITE SATIN GROUND: A SERIES OF REMARKABLY REALISTIC ANIMALS AND FLOWERS ENCLOSING A GARDEN SCENE IN THE FINEST PETIT POINT.

their kind in the country. A very fair idea of the standard reached by this notable collection (there is, I believe, no published catalogue), though not of its extent and variety, can be obtained from the dozen or so items lent to "The Age of Walnut" Exhibition at 25, Park Lane.

It is extraordinarily difficult to put oneself back into the mental atmosphere of the seventeenth century. One knows quite a lot about Charles II. and his mistresses, and the household of Samuel Pepys, and the comings and goings of John Evelyn, and the career of Clarendon and of that odd fish, James II., and the surly religious quarrels of the period, but not very much about the occupations of the average woman. Manners were rough, and roads even rougher; books were few, and in the long winter evenings society must have been difficult to find in the country. Such an example of needlework as Fig. 3 on this page gives us a clue to the problem. I would hazard no guess as to the time this remarkable little travelling mirror took in the making; enough to marvel at the patience of the unknown worker, and admire her craftsmanship. Like other productions of the period, this runs true to type as regards the decoration of the border. There is no continuous pattern, but a series of isolated flowers and beasts balancing one another; the whole, with its soft colourings, giving an effect of extraordinary naïveté and charm. The detail of bird and beast is especially notable. Horse, camel, leopard, and lion are at the four corners: a squirrel is sitting up facing the bearded gentleman with the bow and arrow; above the bow is a butterfly and hanging from the tree behind is what I take to be a spider. The bird facing the nigger woman—who is smoking—looks like a pigeon. More delicate is the rather earlier panel of Fig. 1, very richly embroidered on white satin. In this the designer has shown somewhat more originality, but an originality of zoology rather than of design. We have the usual



3. A CHARLES II. TRAVELLING MIRROR ENCLOSED BY DOORS COVERED IN RICHLY EMBROIDERED SILK: A TRIUMPH OF PATIENT NEEDLEWORK WHICH COULD NOT FAIL TO RECALL TO ITS WANDERING OWNER MEMORIES OF THE FOND HAND THAT BROUGHT IT!

The design contrives to include a camel, a horse, a leopard, a lion, a "wild" man, a negress smoking, a squirrel, a (?) pigeon, and a spider, besides other animals. This piece of needlework, like the others illustrated on this page, was lent to "The Age of Walnut" Exhibition by Sir Frederick Richmond, of whose magnificent collection of English needlework they form part.



2. A STUART MIRROR RICHLY EMBROIDERED: A DESIGN EMBODYING A VARIETY OF OBJECTS CARRIED OUT PARTLY IN SILK EMBROIDERY AND PARTLY IN STUMP-WORK, BY WHICH THE FIGURES ARE MADE TO STAND OUT IN RELIEF.

Queen of Sheba, the story of Susannah and the Elders, and the exciting episode of Esther and Ahasuerus. (One of the latter, readers may remember, was reproduced on this page on May 9, 1931.) Needless to say, the costumes of the figures are those of the age in which the work was done; so that by this means alone, and apart from questions of style, each piece can be dated with considerable accuracy.

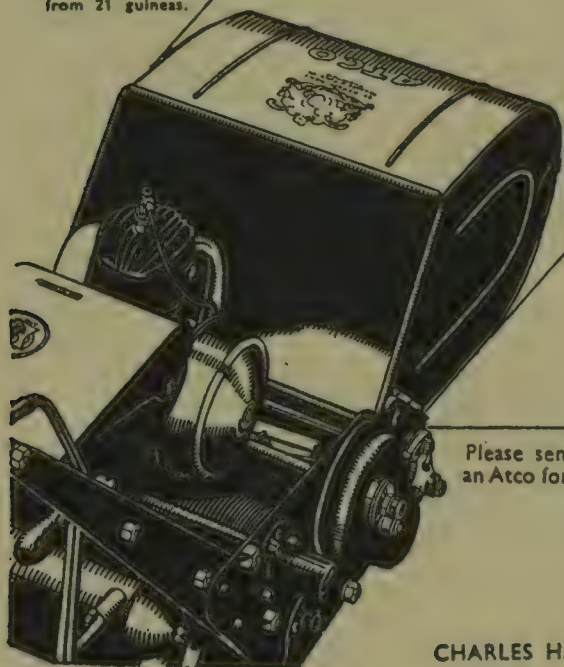
Only less popular than scenes from Old Testament stories are panels representing Charles I. and his Queen, Henrietta Maria. Charles II. appears but rarely, and James II. never. It seemed impossible to take James very seriously. Charles was asked, was he not? whether he did not fear assassination, and replied that no one would bother to kill him as long as James was the heir to the throne.

On the whole, it is fair to say that English embroidery in the seventeenth century gains in "quaintness" and charm but loses in style as compared to what was produced in Elizabeth's time. Tudor needlework, though often crowded, as if it were bad form to allow the background to appear, gives one the impression of having been designed by people whose hand quite naturally moved in easy flowing curves; the century that followed became oddly stilted in comparison: but it is just this mannerism, this sort of meticulous nursery enjoyment of detail as apart from form, which gives it its peculiar charm. (Please note I am speaking of small amateur needlework panels, not of curtain designs; these latter kept much more of the sixteenth-century characteristics, with their rather close tree-like pattern, which began to spread out and disintegrate by the time of William and Mary.) Before the time of Queen Anne, the taste for both stump-work and Old Testament scenes had come to an end; the work is generally petit and gros point, and the subject is secular and pastoral.

(This article deals only with seventeenth-century items. I hope in the near future to have an opportunity of saying something about the splendid Elizabethan needlework in this collection.)

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THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

(Continued from Page 424.)

The King says practically: "The Constitution is excellent, but, in order to apply it, it is necessary that there should be an executive Power capable of taking action; and that executive power no longer exists." And he was quite right. The Monarchy and the National Assembly were not able to extricate themselves from that contradiction in time; this explains the revolutionary catastrophe of 1792 and 1793. A rapid, energetic, and united effort of the Monarchy and the Assembly was required; but, on the contrary, they lost time mutually watching each other; mutual distrust set in, and they ended by fighting each other. The catastrophe was not long in coming; anarchy became incurable, and the Constitution inapplicable. As was the case in Russia in 1917, the organisation of parties was replaced by the swarming of armed bands; the electoral system, by fisticuffs; the régime of a legal majority, by the despotism of the armed minorities. The analogy has not yet been seen—the internal crisis which took place in France had its repercussions all over Europe; while that of the Russian Revolution was buried in the steppes—but the deep-seated cause of each crisis was identical.

Nothing shows this tragic contradiction more clearly than an episode on which I insisted much during my last year's course of lectures at Geneva. It is characteristic. During the session on Aug. 7, 1789, Necker first announced that the payments of assessments and taxes of all kinds had ceased throughout France; that the offices for collecting feudal dues had been pillaged, the registers dispersed, and the collecting of them suspended in a large number of places. After Necker's speech, the Keeper of the Seals, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, spoke and gave a picture of France which is one of the most important documents of the history of the Revolution. I extract a few sentences from it. "Properties are violated in the provinces. Incendiaries have ravaged citizens' houses, the forms of justice are disregarded and replaced by assaults and by outlawry. There is no limit to licence, the laws are not enforced, the tribunals do not sit, commerce and industry are suspended. And yet it is not poverty which has produced these troubles; it is the total subversion of the police and of all the regular authorities which is the cause of all these evils."

The National Assembly listened to this speech of the 7th of August. Twenty days later it adopted the Declaration of the Rights of Man. If one considers the immediate exigencies of the situation, it is obvious that France's most urgent need was to be placed in a state of siege rather than to be given the Rights of Man. But at that moment there was no longer a power in France which was capable of imposing obedience to the laws; so the Declaration of the Rights of Man

became void and was a mere defiance offered by the spirit to reality, by doctrine to practice. It is in that sense that there are deep analogies between the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution. The analogies are neither in the soul nor the historic situation which has let loose the two movements; the analogy is in the march of events stamped by the same contradiction; the effort to create a representative régime, which demands legal solidarity, at a moment of general anarchy.

Other Republics are under construction in Europe. Will they limit themselves to changing the Constitutional formula of the State, or will they allow themselves to be led away by attempts at social Revolution? From these considerations we can extract a rule, and reply to that question. If the Monarchy alone disappears, and the political and administrative organisation remains, the new Republics will concentrate their efforts, as Spain has done up till now, on organising a representative régime on the basis of universal suffrage. This task, indeed, will be complex enough and difficult enough to occupy a whole generation. If legality goes under, as it has done in Russia, and as it did in France at the end of the eighteenth century, anything may happen.

Among the most probable surprises will be the usurpation of power by an armed minority, who, once having won that power, will do all that it can to justify its conquest and domination. Everything the Government of Moscow has done in the last fifteen years is only an effort to justify the power that the Bolshevik oligarchy won by its surprise attack in 1917. The justification must lie in the radical transformation which the Russian Revolution should make in the modern world by curing it of all its ills. If the Russian Revolution cures the whole world, how shall we be able to deny that all its violence was justified? There is only one difficulty. To cure a sick world and create a new civilisation is not easy. One day, perhaps, men will find it difficult to understand why so many people in Europe and America thought in 1932 that a new world was about to be born in Russia.

It does not, however, require great wisdom to recognise that the Russian Revolution is indulging in more or less felicitous imitations of the West. There is nothing original in the Russian Revolution, which, in order to justify itself, has copied from us everything which might be of use to it, even very ancient things: the technique and mysticism of capitalism, American manners, the theocracy of the Middle Ages, materialistic philosophies of 1850, the methods of French Jacobinism, the statecraft of German Monarchy, aestheticism and futurism. I was told a story which illustrates very well the contradiction of that despotism, which is at once revolutionary and reactionary, like all its predecessors. A little while ago a distinguished Spaniard was the guest of the Soviet Republic. He talked for a long time at Moscow with one of the great Bolshevik chiefs. After having listened patiently to a long apology of the system

and its works, the Spaniard asked: "And liberty? What happens to that in your system?"

The chief blushed, and disdainfully shrugged his shoulders. "Liberty? That old carcass? Liberty is a prejudice of the rotten West. We have discovered the truth; we do not permit liberty to error. We are a new civilisation."

"New?" quietly replied the Spaniard. "We knew that in Spain at the time of Philip II."

London, with the passing of years, has changed to a vast extent both in appearance and mode of life, but in some respects she remains true to ancient traditions. One of these links with the past is the nightly performed Ceremony of the Keys, the stately rite associated with the locking up of the Tower of London, and "His Master's Voice" has achieved a real service in making a gramophone record of the historic event so that people may be familiar with the details of this unique military duty. The Ceremony of the Keys takes place each evening at 10 o'clock. The Chief Warder with the large bunch of keys approaches the main guard of the regiment in garrison and is joined by an escort of one non-commissioned officer and four men, which the officer of the guard supplies. With fixed bayonets, the men march with the Chief Warder to the outer barrier, a second warder joining *en route* to assist in shutting the massive gates. During the process of locking-up, the escort presents arms, and the party marches back to the Middle Tower and eventually reaches Traitors' Gate, turning under the deep arch beneath the Bloody Tower. The sentry on the main guard lowers his bayonet to the "ready" and challenges, "Halt! Who goes there?" The Chief Warder replies, "The Keys." "Whose Keys?" demands the sentry, to which the Chief Warder cries, "King George's Keys," and receives the order, "Pass, King George's Keys! All's well." The escort advances to the main guard, and when both escort and guard have presented arms, the Chief Warder, in a reverent voice, pronounces "God preserve King George," to which all respond "Amen," and the keys are handed to the Constable of the Tower. The record (C 2358) opens with a description of the ceremony and closes with the drums and fifes of the 3rd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards playing the National Anthem, and, after the Tower clock has chimed the hour, the buglers sounding the "Last Post."

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

RACHMANINOV RECEIVES THE PHILHARMONIC GOLD MEDAL.

ON Thursday, March 10, at the Queen's Hall the famous Russian composer and pianist, Sergei Rachmaninov, played the solo part in his own Pianoforte Concerto No. 3 in D minor at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert, with Sir Henry Wood conducting. After the performance the Duchess of Atholl, on behalf of the Philharmonic Society, presented its gold medal to M. Rachmaninov. Her Grace made a brief complimentary speech, but it is rarely that a musician receiving the gold medal makes a speech in return. We should have all liked to hear M. Rachmaninov speak, but he merely said "Thank you," and bowed politely and kissed the Duchess of Atholl's hand.

Rachmaninov is known all over the world, wherever the pianoforte is played, by his famous "Prelude," which is the most dramatic, although perhaps not musically the best, of his preludes for the pianoforte. As a pianist he is indisputably among the first four or five in the first rank of his generation. He has the solidity of technique and virtuosity for which the Russian school has been famous since Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein. In this respect he must be classed among the great living virtuosos such as Artur Schnabel and Joseph Hofmann—to whom, incidentally, Rachmaninov dedicated his third pianoforte concerto. His remarkable technique was shown to full advantage in the opening of the first movement, where he achieved a beauty of piano tone that is very rarely heard in the concert hall. His extraordinary control of tone gradation, his exceptional ease and evenness, and his dramatic power all combined to make the performance of his pianoforte concerto very enjoyable, even if one cannot help having many reservations to make about the music.

In spite of great talent, most of Rachmaninov's music leaves one cold, because its core is sentimentality and artificiality. Not all Rachmaninov's

indisputable musicianship and resourcefulness can succeed in hiding completely the lack of that directness, simplicity, and naïveté that is so refreshing in the greatest music. Rachmaninov's music is indirect, sophisticated, ingenious, and pessimistic, and this third pianoforte concerto is an admirable example both of his powers and of his limitations. Nevertheless, there is something striking about the man and his music which eludes analysis, and nobody could deny that his inclusion in the comparatively small list of the Society's gold medalists adorns the list and is a credit to the Royal Philharmonic Society.

VERDI'S REQUIEM.

What Rachmaninov lacks is exactly what Verdi possesses. The performance last week of his Requiem Mass at the Queen's Hall, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, made one of the most memorable of the Courtauld-Sargent series of concerts. The performance by the choir and London Symphony Orchestra was full of vigour, and the choir sang with flexibility, good tone, and splendid sureness of attack. The soloists were not quite on the same level. Mme. Emmi Leisner, the mezzo-soprano, came nearest to being satisfactory, but Miss Dorothy Silk hardly has the robustness necessary, although her voice has an appealing quality, and owing to Verdi's genius for writing effectively for the voice, it told in even the heaviest choral and orchestral passages. Mr. Keith Falkner sang well, but without making the most of his opportunities, whilst Mr. Heddle Nash had more liveliness than power. It must be admitted, however, that it would require super-singers to do full justice to this great work, which covers the whole gamut of human emotion in face of death. This Requiem used to be criticised adversely in the later part of the nineteenth century (it was composed in 1873-4) on account of its so-called theatricality, but musicians to-day have realised that this "theatricality" is the theatricality of Shakespeare, not of Boanerges, and that for grandeur, sublimity, and dramatic power it has no superior among all the great choral works in music.

BAX, TCHAIKOVSKY, AND BERLIOZ.

The last B.B.C. symphony concert at the Queen's Hall was conducted by Sir Henry Wood, with Mr. Lamond as soloist in Tchaikovsky's B flat minor pianoforte concerto. Mr. Lamond gave a fine, full-blooded performance of this work, which needs to be taken in this style to give one any pleasure. Arnold Bax's first symphony is a characteristic piece, richly scored but not long-winded or meandering, as such music is rather apt to be. Elizabeth Schumann sang her Bach arias in her own delightful and musical style, and Sir Henry Wood controlled the orchestra with a lighter touch than has been his habit lately, and this was all to the good. In the concluding "Carnaval Romain" overture of Berlioz the brass especially distinguished themselves by some good, accurate playing worthy of the players of the Berlin Philharmonic brass.—W. J. TURNER.

The importance of the film industry in modern life can hardly be exaggerated. During the last twelve or fourteen years, "The Pictures" have risen from being a "foundling of the arts" to a position of paramount power, both artistically and commercially. The cosmopolitan character of the cinema is one of its marked features, and for this reason the need of good works of reference to guide both film enthusiasts and those who are engaged in film business is specially great. The searcher after screen knowledge has now such a work in the publication of the "Universal Filmlexikon," an impressive volume full of information in three languages—English, French, and German. This book, which is published in England by the London General Press, is edited by Frank Arnau, and is a serious attempt to supply a comprehensive book of reference about the film industry and the selection of actors and actresses of different nationalities available for different types of parts. It is designed to assist those engaged in the production of talking films, and is also of value to anyone interested in the "pictures." In addition it contains articles on the film industry by Erich Pommer, Samuel Goldwyn, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, and others, printed in English, French, and German.

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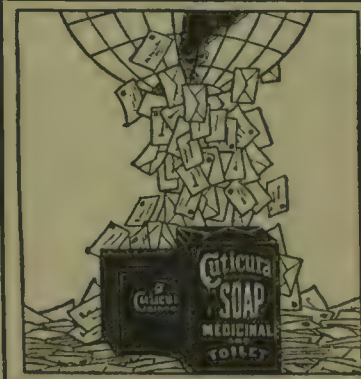
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SUN—SUN—SUN

On the 28th March, at the Country Club, the grand Easter Tennis Tournament.

During April, the Russian Ballet Season.

On the 17th April, the fourth Grand Prix de Vitesse Automobile de Monaco, taking place in the streets of the city.

Golf at the Mont Agel Course (open all the year round).

CARLO

AN EASTER APPEAL.

THE country is experiencing just now a definite wave of optimism and renewed prosperity that will increase steadily as the year draws on. Everyone has suffered from the recent financial depression; none more than the hospitals and charities who depend so greatly on individual support. Although the amount of voluntary subscriptions has decreased so sadly during the last year, their work and the need for it has correspondingly increased. Let us this Easter, therefore, as a mark of thankfulness for seeing England once more on the way to prosperity, send a donation, however small, to help in the national work of easing the suffering of the sick and of making useful and happy citizens out of thousands of destitute children. The following facts give some idea of the problems that are faced day by day, year by year.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have received 111,037 children, of which 30,461 have become useful citizens of the Empire overseas. The Society's many branches work ceaselessly in the task of training these destitute children to follow various trades and callings by which they can eventually earn their own living. The expenses are overwhelming. Some faint idea can be gained when we are told that 24,000 meals have to be provided every day. And, as five children on an average are added to this great family daily, there is no slackening possible. The small sum of

10s. will feed a child for ten days, and £100 will rescue three children and maintain them for a year. A cheque sent to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18, Stepney Causeway, E.1, will bring immense happiness to some small life.

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training-Ship perform the valuable work of giving a home

young people from hopeless drifting, and money is badly needed to cope with the great numbers. Easter gifts in any shape or form will be greatly welcomed, and should be addressed to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

Another institution whose work is, unfortunately, of vital necessity even in these civilised days is the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, known more familiarly as the N.S.P.C.C. The work of this Society has grown steadily, and more than four million children have good cause to be grateful for its intervention. In one year alone, 105,873 children were helped and their lives saved from terror and degradation.

The worst enemy to health which attacks unexpectedly people in every sphere of life is cancer, and the most brilliant medical brains of our time are continually battling with this dread disease. A new radiological department has been added to the Cancer Hospital (Free) in Fulham Road. This new wing has also accommodation for patients who can contribute a certain amount towards their expenses, an entirely new provision which has been needed for many years. The hospital has a splendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work,

but in the vitally important service of cancer research. It has extensive (and expensive) plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest; and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made for £70,000 to pay off the outstanding cost of the new wing.



PLAYING IN THE GROUNDS OF A DR. BARNARDO'S HOME: CHILDREN WHO A FEW DAYS BEFORE HAD NEVER KNOWN THE JOYS OF FRESH AIR AND GREEN TREES.

and education to 1100 boys and girls. The boys are trained as efficient sailors, and at the Homes are taught various trades; while the girls learn proficiency in household duties, and situations are found for them. Within the last few years, the unemployment problem has increased the need for saving

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One of a Family of over 8,000.
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AN EASTER GIFT
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111,500 children already admitted.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

EASTER generally opens the touring season for many motorists, and especially those who lay up their cars for the winter quarter. With a view to helping owners to get them ready, the Automobile Association has prepared a short statement covering various points which need attention before the vehicle can be safely placed on the road after standing unused in the garage during the cold weather months. These hints from the A.A. engineer's department presume that, at the time the car was stored for the winter, reasonable steps were taken, such as jacking up the axles to keep the tyres off the ground, greasing the bright parts, and lubricating the various points of the chassis. If these items were carried out, apart from a careful cleaning, draining the engine sump of its oil, and refilling with fresh lubricant, very little attention should be required to make the car ready to take the road.

Some motorists make it a rule to start up the engine of the car once a week while it is standing idle in the garage without its road licence. If, however, the motor has not been running for some time, it is safer to remove all the sparking plugs, clean and dry them, as well as adjust the gap between the points to ensure that the engine will start without difficulty. The A.A. suggest that, in addition to this work on the plugs, before replacing them an egg-cupful of engine oil should be poured through the holes where the plugs are screwed in, and the engine turned over by hand a few times to ensure that a film of oil is on the cylinder walls.

Tyres should also be examined for cuts and tested for air-pressure, besides seeing that there are no flints or other road materials embedded in the cover. One sees more tyre troubles at Easter time for want of care taken before starting again on the road than at any other season of the year. Every wise motorist also takes the battery to a service station for a good "boost" before using the car; unless, of course, this part of its equipment has been stored with a battery-service firm during the winter, who have kept it in proper working order by occasional charges and discharges. In any case, the terminals should be cleaned and wiped over with vaseline to prevent any sulphating of the metal connections.

Servicing the Car for Easter Runs.

Although the car may have been covered up during its period of winter, I have always found that it is necessary to empty the autovac tank, if fitted,



NEW YORK TRAFFIC CONGESTION AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: AT AN ENTRANCE TO THE HOLLAND TUNNEL.

This photograph was taken from an aeroplane, and shows traffic congestion at the New York end of the Holland Tunnel, where vehicles are supposed to keep 75 feet apart and maintain a speed of thirty miles an hour through the subterranean highway which runs beneath the Hudson River.—[Photograph by General Motors, Ltd.]

in order to remove any sediment left over from last year's petrol. So do not forget to use the drain tap after filling up the autovac tank on the dashboard with clean petrol. One can drain this petrol into another tin and strain it again through a fine mesh and a chamois leather before using it in the main tank, so that it need not be wasted. At the same time, the carburettor float chamber and the petrol filter should also be cleaned. If the engine does not start easily after these cleaning jobs have been done, it may be found that the contact-breaker is stuck up, due to a swollen fibre bush for the fulcrum pin, a very common complaint, especially if the weather has been wet from some long period. A light dressing of the bush with fine sandpaper will give it the freedom necessary for working. One can almost wager with certainty that a new wind-screen wiper blade will be required, and new rubber tubing, if it is a suction-operated type of wiper, as these items perish in cold weather when out of use unless the garage is kept warm. The upholstery should also be examined and repaired if necessary, while the lighting system must be tested after the battery has been replaced after being charged, to see if the lamp bulbs and wiring are in good order. Some owners have the engine decarbonised before storing the car for the winter. Others prefer to have this done now before starting on the road again. In the latter case, it is well to do it as soon as possible before using the car in order to let the parts settle down and the valve tappets become duly adjusted, so that, when Easter does arrive, everything is in proper working order.

An Owner's Morris "Isis."

I have received an interesting letter from a correspondent who signs himself "Devon," who read the report in this column of the "mileage per gallon" test for all the Morris models which appeared in a recent issue. That account induced him to test his own Morris "Isis," whose total mileage at that date amounted to 2500 miles. He chose the main roadway from Torquay to Newton Abbot as his testing ground—a fairly level highway with a good surface. The road was dry, and there was little wind blowing on the day of the test. Having filled the autovac tank with a pint of National Benzole mixture, started up the engine, engaged second gear and then top (missing the third gear) with ignition advanced about

[Continued overleaf.]

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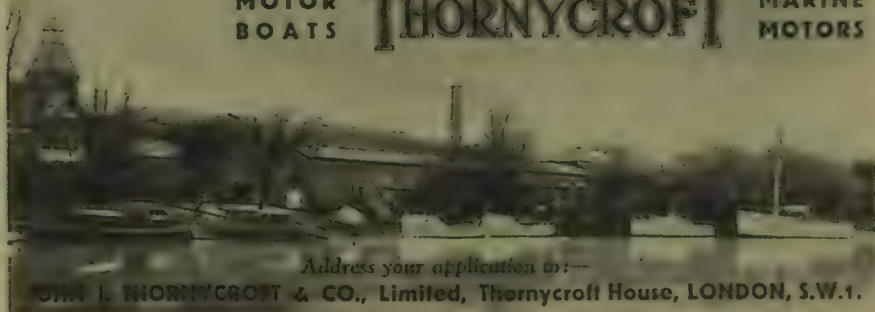
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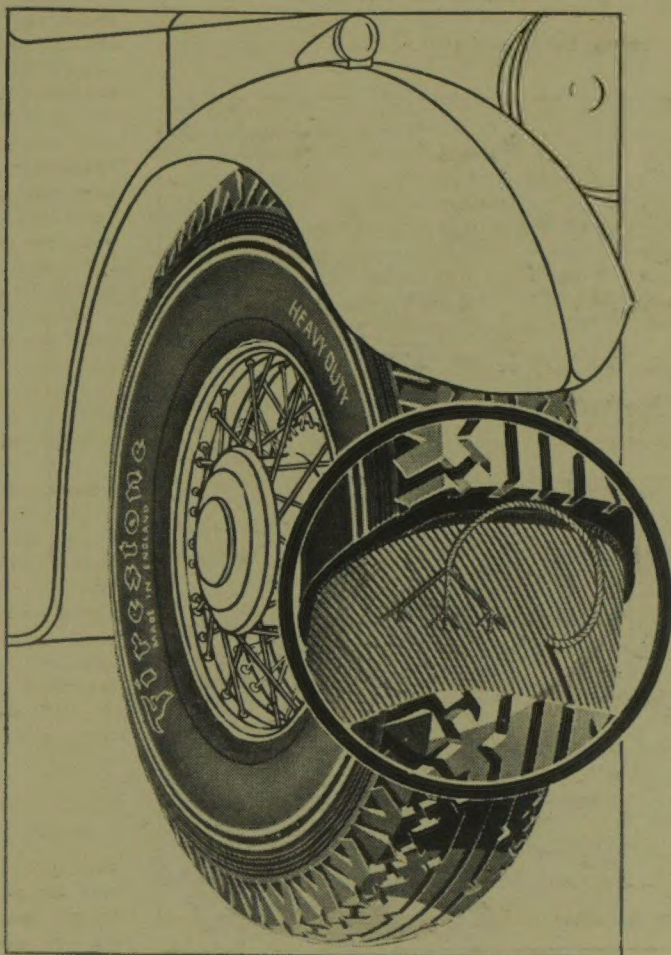
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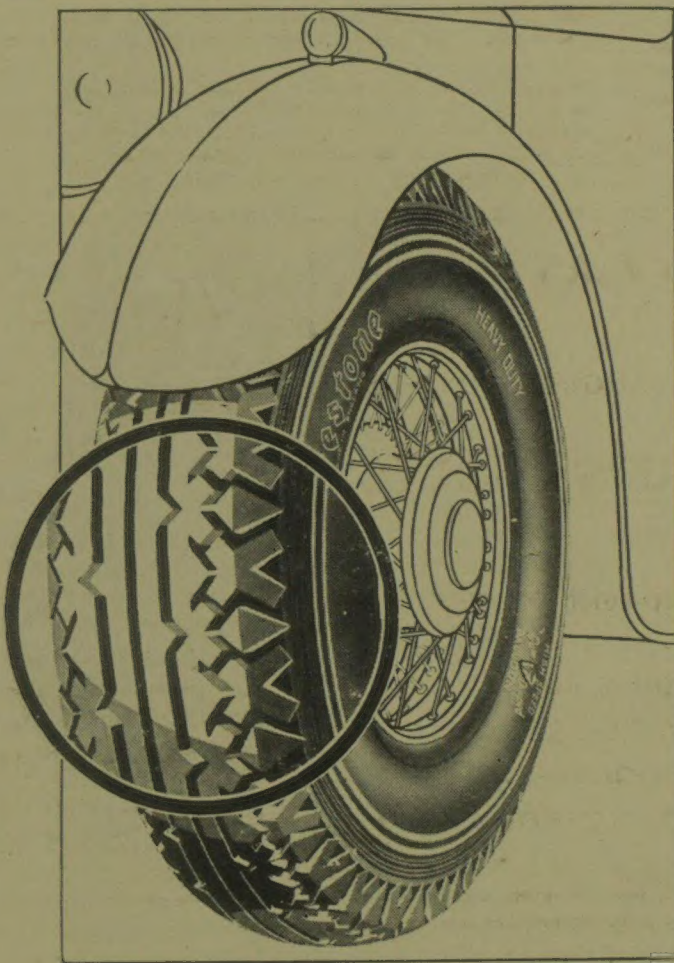
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Continued.]

two-thirds, he ran his Morris "Isis" at a speed of from 30 to 35 miles per hour until the pint of fuel gave out. He stopped the car by the brake, not allowing it to roll to a standstill, and the distance travelled, as shown by the speedometer, was 3.6 miles, equal to 28.8 m.p.g. Turning the car, he returned to within a few yards of the original starting-place, after refilling the autovac tank with another pint of mixture. Excellent as the result was, my correspondent writes that he again refilled the autovac with another pint, fully advanced the ignition, and started from a slight decline in top gear. The car ran at about 40 miles per hour speed, touched 45 m.p.h. in passing another vehicle, and astonished its owner by running past the stopping point of the first test and finishing 4.2 miles on the one pint, equal to 33.4 miles per gallon. On the return trip, with the pace reduced to 30 to 40 miles an hour, with ignition set as required, the distance was again 3.6 miles. He also writes that the setting of the carburetter has not been altered since he took delivery of the car in November last, when it left the works, and the plugs had not been cleaned during the last 1000 miles' run.

The most advanced developments of colour and light revealing, in studied combination with glass and chromium plate, effects which are of only recent invention, are promised as the theme of the sixteenth *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, which opens at Olympia, Kensington, W., on April 5. A City of Light, conceived and planned with an ingenuity and artistry which have tested the skill and resources of Britain's leading illuminating engineers and scenic experts, will flood the Grand Hall with colour and radiance. In contrast to Electra's modern triumph, there will be in the adjacent National Hall a lively and friendly contact with the "Good Old Days" in the shape of a busy Tudoresque village. Near-by, the village world will throng a colourful Old English street, each of its time-mellowed, timbered shops sheltering a business founded a century or more ago. Rich in varied and ingenious features as the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition always is, it promises this year to outdo its past attractions.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL," AT THE WESTMINSTER.

THIS is a delightful version of the Apocrypha story, written in the modern idiom, yet with never a hint of cheap facetiousness. It has humanity as well as humour, and there are moments of real beauty. In the guise of a porter the Archangel Raphael visits the home of Tobit, poor, blind, but garrulously contented, and there agrees to escort the son, Tobias, to a distant city to recover a sum of money lent in more affluent days. In the thirty-day-distant Ecbatana, Tobias is warmly welcomed by a wealthy Jew, and promptly falls in love with his daughter. He is inclined to regret his susceptibility when he learns that the young person has been unfortunate in her love affairs, no fewer than seven of her previous bridegrooms having been strangled on the marriage night by the demon Asmodeus. But the Archangel bids him be of good cheer, promising that by the use of a cantrip, consisting of the liver of some sea monster, the demon shall be exorcised. There is an amusing situation when the father, having watched the couple depart to the bridal chamber, picks up a spade and wanders off to the vegetable garden to dig the customary morning grave for his latest son-in-law. But everything happens as the Archangel predicts, and Tobias returns to his parents laden with wife and riches. Mr. Frederick Piper gave a delightful study of an uncouth, nervous youth. Mr. Morland Graham was a kindly, if too talkative, Tobit. Mr. Henry Ainley made a wonderful figure of the Archangel. Dignified, with a pleasantly astringent humour, he was as much in character when he rebuked the maiden for casting sheep's eyes at an archangel six thousand years her senior as when he made his beautiful valedictory address. An unusual play, and one that demands to be seen.

"DIRTY WORK," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Mr. Ben Travers' latest farce has at least one outstanding virtue; it is that its third act is by far the funniest, so that one leaves the theatre radiating

happiness on envious passers-by. As resident author, Mr. Travers is able to fit his company to perfection, and, though the absence of Mr. Tom Walls leaves a gap that, happily, no attempt has been made to fill, the result is a very pleasant evening's entertainment. There is Mr. Ralph Lynn as an amiable noodle, manager of a jeweller's establishment, and Mr. J. Robertson Hare as an austere and disapproving assistant. There is a house detective in league with a gang of jewel thieves. There is a plot that is Alice in Wonderlandish in its joyous imbecility. A stolen jewel is "planted" on Mr. Ralph Lynn, who, at the suggestion of the venal house detective, slips it into Mr. Robertson Hare's pocket. For some reason the discovery of the jewel on his person persuades Mr. Hare, from the most honest of motives, to join Mr. Lynn in burgling the shop. There is a wild, hilarious scene in which Mr. Hare reluctantly permits his famous moustache to be shaved, and though up to this moment, which comes at the end of the second act, our laughter has not been as hearty as usual, the third act is a riot from beginning to end. To see Mr. Hare encouraging Mr. Lynn to attack a real burglar; to watch Mr. Lynn, having stunned the man with a blow, follow him around with a politely waiting chair for him to collapse in, is pure joy. "Dirty Work" is not the best of the series, but the talented company make it very well worth seeing.

"PUNCHINELLO," AT THE GLOBE.

Faith in a failure is a rare virtue, and that displayed by Mr. Maurice Browne should, happily, not be its own reward, for the enthusiasm of the audience on the first night of this second presentation hinted at a long run. Mr. John Hastings Turner has greatly improved his play; the lighting is much better, thus giving greater value to Mr. Laurence Irving's beautiful scenery, and the changes in cast have been all for the best. Mr. George Hayes is now Punchinello, and plays the part with excellent dash. Judy is not a very definitely drawn character, but Miss Joyce Bland plays it with charm. Miss Laura Cowie repeats her fine performance as the King's mistress. She brings to the rôle an unforgettable beauty, both of appearance and speech.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the

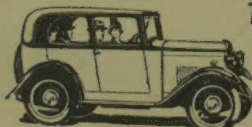
action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

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